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The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

TEXAS expects its tax on commercial travelers to yield $60,000 a year.

ONE of his ardent admirers lately sent Prof. Huxley a check for $5,000.

IT is said that Bret Harte is more popular in England than Irving ever was.

SOUTHERN California papers are agitating the project of forming a new State.

THERE are now six telegraph cables connecting the United States with Europe.

EX-GOVERNOR BROWN, the new Georgia Senator, is the richest man in his State.

THE net profits of Ingersoll's two lectures in Booth's Theater, New York, were $3,500.

THREE cases of leprosy have been discovered in Chinatown, San Francisco, within a month.

REMEMBER that tidal wave which is to sweep over Coney Island July 22 Vennor has predicted it.

FRIENDS of Governor Wiltz, of Louisiana, have paid $15,000 for a house in New Orleans, and will present it to his wife.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE is reported to have made a profit of $2,000 an acre out of her orange grove in Florida during the past year.

THE London *Globe* has come to the conclusion that the working classes in the United States are far more thrifty than those of Great Britain.

THE Cincinnati Industrial Exposition of Art and Industry will open in their grand permanent buildings on September 8, and continue till October 9.

THE value of weather signals is acknowledged by increased appropriations and increased interest in the subject, both in this country and in Europe.

THEY have a man down in Georgia who is said to be one hundred and twenty-five years old. His name is James Ingraham, and he lives at Wynn's Mill.

MARK TWAIN says that he can't write in a "fixed up" room. When he needs inspiration he takes his paper and pens and retires to an unfurnished room in his stable.

THE proposed ship canal across the State of Florida has been surveyed, and the cost estimated at $50,000,000. That would be a pretty good price to pay for the State.

GENERAL MELIKOFF lately submitted to the Czar a proposal for the establishment of a two-house assembly, but the Emperor only reproached him for making the suggestion.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has left Paris to escape, it is said, being compromised by the threatened Communistic demonstration which the Bonapartists are reported to be stirring up.

THE London *Lancet*, which is as good authority as can be found, calls it cruelty to women to make their stand all day, as those employed in retail stores are obliged to do.

MISS KATE FIELD will soon go to Europe to consult Worth with regard to establishing relations between the London and New York Ladies' Co-operative Dress Association.

WE are now told that the Egyptian obelisk has been placed on board a vessel which will sail for New York. It is certainly time. We have almost gotten tired hearing about this thing.

SOUTHERN Indiana and Ohio promise an increase of 20 per cent. in the yield of wheat this year over last. It is now predicted that the harvest of 1880 in the West will be the largest ever known.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Nebraska *Farmer* says: "Nebraska farmers seem to have gone back to the primitive mode of sowing (wheat) by hand, and some are even using cradles to harvest with

PALESTINE can be bought $25,000,000, and by judicious management could be made to pay handsome dividends. Some millionaire out of employment should avail himself of the opportunity.

SINCE the opposition of Sir Henry Wolf, Fowler and Tyrrell to Charles Bradlaugh being admitted to his seat in the English Parliament, they have received numerous letters threatening murder.

ALL the great powers of Europe have united in a determination to combine, by force if necessary, to compel Turkey to comply with the reforms or other stipulations of the Berlin treaty of 1878.

BUSINESS is in a flourishing condition in Alabama. In almost every county labor is in demand, and there is an unusual amount of building in the towns. Steam is more generally used to run the cotton gins.

THE Brooklyn bridge will cost about $2,000,000 more, or $13,250,000 in all. Its central span is 1,595 feet long, or 600 feet longer than the next largest in Cincinnati. It will probably be all completed within a year.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES, the well-known war correspondent of the London *Daily News*, proposes visiting this country in September, and intends to give here a new lecture entitled "Royal People I Have Met."

A FEROCIOUS bulldog broke his chain at Wheeling, Va., and attacked a very old woman. She made all the defense she could, but he threw her down, bit her with savage fury, and finally killed her. Her son, maddened by the sight, chopped the brute to pieces.

THE law does not show a wise discrimination in the matter of prize fighting. Those who fight should be permitted to indulge in the sport to their heart's content, but every one looking on at a fight should be arrested and punished severely.

PROF. SHALER treats in the *Atlantic* of the future of the mining of precious metals on the American continent. He predicts a vast increase in the production of the precious metals; that of silver to be the most important, that of gold to be the more steady.

SOME trouble is anticipated in getting a correct census of the Chinese in California, as they do not understand what the information is wanted for, and suspect that all is not right. The good offices of the Chinese Minister will doubtless be invoked to remove the suspicions of his fellow-countrymen.

THE following squib is going the rounds: "A Dakota man has a novel Indian relic in the shape of a perfectly formed skull, with an arrow shot into the eye and piercing the brain." Now, if some one will get another skull and run an arrow into the ear, "piercing the brain," almost any museum will be ready to set up a correspondence with him.

H. G. VERNOR, the weather prognosticator of Montreal, has predicted that the first of June will be fall-like, with frosts. July will be a terrible month for storms, with terms of intense heat, but another fall-like relapse, with frosts, will in all probability occur about the 20th of the month. He says: "I fear the storms of thunder and hail will be of unusual severity during July."

THE acquittal of John Link, after a long and exciting trial in Hillsboro, Ohio, proves the tendency to sympathize with men who commit crime in behalf of women. Link's stepfather and stepbrother threatened and abused his mother. He fought them and killed them. The jury heard the evidence and pronounced him not guilty, and public sentiment will be very apt to support the jury.

THE Superintendent of the New Jersey Central Railroad has established a sensible rule for the prevention and control of forest fires. He has directed the removal of all brush and other inflammable substances for a space of 25 feet on either side of the railroad tracks, and the storing of hose and other apparatus, which is to be kept in constant readiness to put out fires, at specified stations on his line.

IN Ohio Township, Madison County, Iowa, a few weeks ago, a cow gave birth to thirty-five calves all at one time, one of them being about two-thirds the size usually attained by calves at birth, one about the size of a lamb, and the remainder of them about the size of rats and mice. They were all perfectly formed, the little ones looking as much like calves in everything except size as anything could look. The mother and entire litter were dead when found.

The people of Canada are grumbling sorely at the great increase in their government expenses in the past nine years. While those of the United States have been considerably cut down, the increase in the cost of "running the government" in Canada is over 50 per cent. Judicial expenses have increased 83 per cent. and penitentiary expenses 48 per cent., while the public debt has sprung from $77,000,000 to $170,000,000.

SAYS *Peck's Sun*: Congress found it easy enough to suspend the rules the other day and pass the river and harbor appropriation bill. This bill had to be passed or Congressmen would have stood a poor show for re-election, but the paper bill was defeated because Congressmen voted against it "on principle." When it comes to an extravagant river and harbor bill, though, every Congressman's principles are that way.

WE are in the midst of another season of remarkable occurrences—or stories. North Carolina comes to the front with the latest, it being stated that a woman who was exhumed by grave robbers, after having been buried two days, arose and walked home, assisted by the would-be robbers as soon as they had sufficiently recovered from their fright to render that service.

The Work of a Dream.

Train No. 6 from Memphis was within ten miles of New Orleans. Negro Tom, on his way to buy bananas, was sound asleep, as were both the conductor and brakesmen. The engine puffed heavily, and the long gray masses moved like funeral plumes in the leaden clouds of steam that clung to the earth. Tom was dreaming, a frightful railroad accident was going on in his brain and he was fighting it out all alone with a wrecked and burning train across his heaving chest. Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a terrible yell and shouted: "Murder, murder, we're killed! we're killed! the train is off the track!" With a wild bound he sprang through the open door and fell headlong in a green scummed lagoon. At this instant the conductor and brakesman, hearing the alarm, started half awake and sprang also from the car.

They snoozed no more; they were wide awake. Three men, like fools, stood in mud and water up to their waists and the train went thundering on. The cloud of vapor slowly raised in the moss of the live oak forest and the deep-toned bullfrog resumed his tuneful prophecy that day was soon to come.

"What the — did you say the train was off the track for, you black Liberian?" asked the conductor.

"Yes, what'd ye do it for?" murmured the brakesman as he fished the wet dirt out of his bosom.

"Fore God I dreamed it, massa," said Tom as he unhitched a mud turtle from one leg and felt around with the other for a missing boot.

"Come out of there you lying hippopotamus," they jointly exclaimed, "we'll teach you this is no dream."

By the time Tom had clambered up the bank they were ready for him. Tom pleaded the civil rights bill, put in a demurer that he was a pure Democrat and had voted the national ticket in 1878, and all that sort of thing, but they overruled all his motions, quashed his application for a change of *venue*, refused to admit him on bail, squelched the *habeas corpus*, declared martial law, and proceeded to bung up his eye, flatten out his nose, tear off his shirt, loosen his teeth, irrigate his epidermis, crop his ears, and otherwise disarrange his toilet. It was a regular Whittaker outrage, witnessed only by moccasins, snakes, bullfrogs and owls.

After that they tramped into the city and reported just in time to stop a party organized to go in search of them. If there is any doubt as to the truth of this narrative in any particular, we refer to Captain Bob Leach, conductor on the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad, who knows the negro well, and can point out the very place where he had the unfortunate dream.—*Memphis Public Ledger.*

The "Herald" Correspondent in Paris.

The most noticeable person—although none could be less conspicuous—writes the Paris correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, among the frequenters of the reading-room is Mr. Ryan the *Herald's* Paris correspondent. Mr. Ryan is usually busy at work at a desk in the office. As every visitor passes this desk before ascending the stairs to the region of newspapers, he or she receives a cool glance from the handsome gentleman who looks upon every human being as a possible character in some tragedy or farce that may be played upon the stage of the world for the benefit of the New York *Herald*. The next breath the passer-by is forgotton, like a bursted soap-bubble, and the correspondent goes on writing what all the *Herald* office frequenters will read after it has twice crossed the Atlantic. Mr. Ryan is apparently about forty-eight years of age He has cool, blue eyes, an American complexion, and a blonde mustache, once, perhaps, golden, now well mixed with silver. He has none of the brisk, business-like look and manner of the typical American, but a dignified repose of bearing, of one for whom life has no goads, or pricks and stings, and to whom the world is only a spectacle at which he amuses himself, or a drama that he calmly criticises. The voice, if it ever possessed any of the shrillness of our national eagle scream, has lost it entirely, and is as rich and full as if nourished for generations on British beef and beer. Generally in the office he wears a close velvet cap, in which he is gravely and senatorially picturesque enough to be a portrait of Titian; while at other times he wears an immaculate stove-pipe, like a Titian portrait with modern improvements, or one of the handsomest and Toryest members of the British House of Lords.

Blacksmith's Hammer Signals.

When the blacksmith gives the anvil quick, light blows, it is a signal to the helper to use the sledge, or to strike quicker.

The force of the blow given by the blacksmith's hammer indicates the force of the blow it is required to give the sledge.

The blacksmith's helper is supposed to strike the work in the middle of the width of the anvil, and as this requires to be varied the blacksmith indicates where the sledge blows are to fall by touching the required spot with his hand hammer.

If the sledge is required to have a lateral motion while descending, the blacksmith indicates the same to the helper by delivering hand hammer blows in which the hand hammer moves in the direction required for the sledge to move.

If the blacksmith delivers a heavy blow upon the work and an intermediate blow upon the anvil, it denotes that heavy blows are required.

If there are two or more helpers the blacksmith strikes a blow between each helper's sledge hammer blow, the object being merely to denote where the sledge blows are to fall.

When the blacksmith desires the sledge blows to cease, he lets the hand hammer head fall upon the anvil and continue its rebound on the same until it ceases.

Thus the movements of the hand hammer constitute signals to the helper, and what appear desultory blows to the common observer, constitute the communication between the blacksmith and his helper.

BATTLING WITH LIONS.

Exciting Encounter With Lions in the Jungles of Africa.

Mr. F. Fulkner Carter, in charge of the elephants attached to the Royal Belgian expedition into Africa, gives the following exciting account of a sudden encounter which he had with lions at Kerima, Central Africa, at which place he and his caravan of one hundred and eighty men had arrived. In a letter received from him by the last mail, dated from that station, he mentions the difficulties he had experienced in procuring animal food for his men. "Our only food," he says, "consists of Indian corn, pounded between two stones, with a good share of sand, and only salt with it. It is well to have even this, but still, men accustomed all their lives to good animal food cannot live on such poor fair, and so I go out every second or third day with my gun and kills zebra, eland, waterbuck etc. One of any of these enables us to live in clover for a single day. A recent expedition of this kind, however, nearly cost me my life. I felt that I must go in search of food, as there was not at the time a morsel in camp, and so forth I sallied. My first shot was at a giraffe, into which I put two bullets, and then followed him over hill and dale until noon, when heat, thirst and want of food obliged me to give up the chase. After smoking a pipe and taking some rest I was off again; got a shot at a zebra, but missed him. The zebra, I should mention, is the best meat in Africa. Rather disheartened, and grieving for the poor hollow-eyed fellows I should meet on my return, for whom I had nothing in the shape of food, I turned toward camp, and just at 3:30 p. m. a fine boar dashed past me. I sent a bullet through him at once, but on he went. I knew, however, we should find him dead a few hundred yards ahead, by the quantity of blood in the long grass; so I followed, but just then sighted three zebras—so dropped piggie's trail and went off to try and stalk the zebras. In about ten minutes after I heard a fearful row, and my two gunbearers said it was a rhinoceros. I laid hold of my No. 10 bore, handing my 'express' to my bearer, telling him and the man carrying the smooth-bore to keep close to me. I glided silently through the grass, over six feet high, until close to the spot; then I knew that if it were a rhinoceros, he was lying down, as I could not see a sign of him; so I decided it must be two wild boars fightings. Something told me they could not make such a terrible noise, which actually seemed to shake the ground and rend the very air around me. Strange to say, it never struck me that the noise might have proceeded from lions, although the place is full of them, so I advanced boldly, dividing the grass with my rifle. I then discovered three lions devouring the pig I had shot, and in that short time had finished half of it. The two nearest were within two feet of me, and the furthest three and a half feet. The brutes' beards, chests and claws were covered with blood. Though startled at first, I was perfectly cool, and yet felt perfectly certain that I must be killed, as even a tame lion is savage when eating his food. The lion opposite caught sight of me at once, curled his lips, lashed his sides with his tail, but what the others were doing I cannot say, as my friend was in the act of springing, and I dare not take my eye off him for a second. At last he crouched for the spring, and I let drive in his face, retreating a step to give me a chance with the other barrel at one of the remaining two, determined to sell my life dearly, but, to my great delight these two sprang over the grass in opposite directions. I gave a sort of sigh of relief, looked around for my gun bearers, and there they were, fifty yards off, trembling with fear and blue with fright. The rascals had run away, and I had no gun to fall back upon. I returned to pick up my dead lion, but found he had crept away with a bullet through him. I followed his trail until the jungle got too thick, and it was nearly dark.—*London Standard.*

What Came of Having a Roof Tarred

A Foston man, so says a paper published in that city, had the flat roof of the L of his house tarred the other day, and when six or seven cats got on to it, the following night, they could yell and arch their backs and try to get a pull on all four feet at once, but they couldn't lift themselves free and their sighing was frightful, and people in the neighborhood began to cluck things at them, and the owner of the house forgot about the tar, and went barefoot and in his oobe *de nuit* upon the roof to chase them off, and pretty soon he found that he couldn't stir, and began to whoop and swear, and a policeman got a ladder and climbed on the roof, and when he came up over the edge on his hands and knees, he had to remain in that posture and he used very emphatic language. Meantime the boot-jacks were falling in a shower about and around them, and the man's mother-in law, in looking out of an upper window that overlooked the L roof, to ask them if they were not ashamed to be out on a roof playing cat at that time of night, knocked her wig off and it fell in the tar, and she rushed down a flight and went out on the roof to get it and couldn't pull the wig up, but got her hand stuck to it, so she couldn't let go of it, and of course her position and her bald head made a lead give-away, as it was quite light, when some one finally came with boards for them to be got on to when they were cut loose from the tar, and the old lady did not feel a bit worse than the policeman, who had to walk through the street with the knees of his trousers cut out and left stuck on the roof and a great hunk of tar stuck to each hand, and got a reprimand when he reached the station. And the house owner himself, blistered his feet trying to melt the tar off of them by holding them up to a hot stove, and when the cats were cut loose from the roof and put on the ground, they tried to gnaw the tar from their claws and got their paws stuck in their mouths and rolled about and yawled and carried on so that folks thought they were mad and killed them. And that householder's mother in law hasn't yet got over jawing him about that tar roof.

Just From Deadwood.

A Brooklyn boy, who had spent some six months in the Black Hills, struck home last week and sauntered up Fulton street. He was dressed in an antelope skin shirt, a pair of black tail deer skin pantaloons, beaded moccasins and a white felt hat with a brim like a wagon wheel. He wandered into a saloon, thumped his fist on the counter and howled for tan juice with a glittering eye that froze the blood in the veins of the boy who had been behind the bar for years. "Will yer jine me, stranger?" he said to three or four gentlemen sitting at a table, adding as they hesitated, "I reckon ye'd better. With me, I invite means liquor or blood. Ye'd better come up."

They approached the bar, and all took beer, except one, who took cider, explaining that he had never touched spirits in his life.

"Well, I'll be tolgeeld!" roared the six-deck traveler. "If yer was with me whar I hang out, ye'd be kinder a hoss 'cause thar's whar yer got ter drink, whether yer drink or not. Skuck it!" And he pounded in the prison.

"Where are you from, if I may might ask?" inquired the bider man.

"From right from the gulch. The clean up put me a few thousand ahead and I'm wanderin' to see the sights. You bet!"

"From the mines?"

"Straight from jist whar yer reckoned I was, stranger. I been inter the Hills. Panned big and now I'm in for a reg'lar old He. You bet!"

"How are things in the Hills now? Is business depressed or are things flourishing?"

"I don't know nothin' about them big words, but ef yer want fer ter know how things is, they're thar; right thar. I seen twenty millions o' money taken out o' my mine in fourteen hours. That's a trade! That's hittin' gilt every crash, and don't yer forgit it; you bet!"

"How does Custer City seem to progress?"

"I ain't no hizness with no Custer City—I'm a miner, I am."

"I saw in a recent paper that a number of troops have been moved to Fort Meade. Do they think there is any danger from Indians?"

"Injuns, Injuns, pard! Why there's more'n seven millions of 'em settin' around on the rocks a-waitin' for a chance to bite in. Injuns! Why you don't know nothin' about Injuns here. I seen ten hundred thousand troops killed in an hour and a half. But I don't mind no Injuns! I tunneled under four tribes camped half a mile from my claim, and every dogged one of them went up in the blast. You bet! There can't be no Injuns git away with a Hiller, and don't yer forgit it!"

"Deadwood must be rather a dangerous locality. I had no idea it was so exposed."

"Deadwood! Dangerous! Say, stranger, if yer ever learned to gamble, jist put yer money on the statement that Deadwood is dangerously placed. Yer'll win, pard! Yer'll scoop the pot each tussle, or count my judgment deuce box."

"Going to be in Brooklyn any length of time?"

"Jist come to take a squint at it. Say, show me around. Show me to a faro bank. I've got too much dust for comfort, and I'd like ter drop or pick up. Show me around, stranger, and I'll make yer proud of yerself."

"I don't think you would find me a very good guide, for I've only been here a comparatively short time, but perhaps one of my friends who reside here, would."—

"Don't belong here? What yer from, stranger? What's yer tepee?"

"I live in Deadwood," responded the stranger. "I'm only—"

If the young traveler will come around and pay for those drinks all will be forgiven.

Third Class Mail Matter.

John P. Loge, Postmaster at Cincinnati, says in the Cincinnati *Gazette*: So much unnecessary confusion and labor have been caused by misapprehensions of the law allowing "commercial papers" to be mailed as third class matter, that I request publication of the following:

1. The matter must be partly printed. Letter postage is required upon all communications wholly in writing.

2. It must contain no personal correspondence. Any addition in writing to a bill, or invoice, or bill of lading, or statement of account, subjects it to letter postage. All written communications, such as "Please remit," "Your account is due," "Will draw on you," "Terms, thirty days," "Will ship with John Smith's goods," "Will ship the balance of your goods in a few days," etc., are to be avoided, as they are in violation of law, and *prima facie* evidence of fraud. The law does not permit the writing of letters, no matter how brief, upon third class matter.

3. It must not be the "expression of monetary value." Hence, receipts, receipted bills and statements, letters of acknowledgment, notes, acceptances, checks, drafts and orders for payment of money or other valuable consideration, completed deeds and insurance policies and other papers representing value, or stating a claim to anything of value, require letter postage. A credit entry upon a bill or statement of account subjects the same to letter postage.

It will be well for our merchants to note these limitations, and caution their clerks and bookkeepers, as it may become necessary to enforce the penalty—$10 for each offense.

Circulars, which are defined to be "printed letters sent in identical terms to several persons," do not lose their character as such when the date, the signature, and the name of the addressed are in writing.

"Printed matter" is defined to be "the reproduction upon paper, by any process except that of handwriting, of any words, letters, characters, figures, or images, or any combination thereof, not having the character of actual and personal correspondence."

The "manifold process" and "typewriting" are held to be handwriting.

LOVE, undying, solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself.—*Erasmus.*

Sleep and Sleeplessness.

Too much sleep is very injurious in its effects. The whole nervous system becomes blunted, so that the muscular energy is enfeebled and the sensations and moral and intellectual manifestations are obtunded. All the bad effects of inaction become developed. The functions are exerted with less energy, the digestion is torpid, the excretions are diminished, while, in some instances, the secretion of fat accumulates to an inordinate extent. The memory is impaired, the powers of imagination are dormant and the mind falls into a kind of hebetude, chiefly because the functions of the intellect are not sufficiently exerted when sleep is too prolonged or too often repeated. To sleep much is not necessarily to be a good sleeper. Generally they are the poorest sleepers who remain longest in bed—for they awaken less refreshed than if the time of arising were earlier by an hour or two. While it is true that children and young people require more sleep than their elders, yet it should be the care of parents that over indulgence be not permitted. Whatever over-stimulates the circulation of the brain causes imperfect sleep, if not absolute sleeplessness. Although sleep is a natural and involuntary state, it may be greatly promoted by maintaining a good state of health; by daily open air exercise, or by riding or sailing with the face exposed to the air; by having the stomach free from a heavy meal or any indigestible substance, and by the mind being undisturbed with cares. Over-fatigue, indulgence in food or drink beyond what nature requires, want of proper exercise, mental disquietude, are all causes of sleeplessness. Breathing in a confined or overheated apartment is also a not unusual cause of broken slumber. The temperature most suitable for sleep is about sixty degrees, which gives the sensation of neither heat nor cold, and admits of a moderate amount of bed clothes being used. The best posture of sleep is to be on the right or left side, with the arm crossed over the breast in front and the head well up on the pillow. The mouth should be shut, so that the breathing may be carried on exclusively through the nose. Some persons acquire a habit of sleeping with the mouth open, which causes the grotesque and offensive habit of snoring. Going to sleep while lying on the back should be avoided; as, besides inducing the sleeper to snore, it is apt to cause disturbing dreams. It is a well-ascertained fact that sleep begins at the extremities; the feet sleep first, and then the rest of the person. On this account, in order to fall asleep, we require not only to compose the thinking faculties, but to keep the feet still. The feet must also have an agreeable warmth.

A German physician of celebrity has lately been investigating the subject of early rising, and has come to the conclusion that, far from making a man "healthy, wealthy and wise," it has quite the contrary effect, and shortens life instead of prolonging it. In the majority of cases which he has investigated the long livers have indulged in late hours, and at least eight out of every ten persons who attained the age of 80 and upwards were in the habit of not retiring to rest until the small hours, and remaining in bed until the day was far advanced. He has no doubt whatever that early rising is a most pernicious habit for those who go to bed late; and, like Charles Lamb, thinks it better for everybody to delay getting up until the morning has had a chance to become well aired.

Battling with a Bull.

A colored man, in the employ of Mr. George Hubschmidt, in Bergan County, New Jersey, went out into a field to drive a bull into a barnyard. The bull was rather vicious, but it had never attacked the men. This time, however, the animal made a plunge for the colored man, knocking him to the ground, held him there with his fore feet, and attempted to gore him there with his sharp horns. The negro struggled and fought as best he could, and succeeded in dodging the blows several times. But finally the horn penetrated the man's cheek about an inch from the mouth. The brute then gave a savage plunge and tore the flesh around the negro's chin, from a point about two inches from the left end of his mouth clear around to his right ear. This made a terrible wound, and the great arteries of the neck were narrowly missed. In spite of his wound the man continued to fight for his life. He succeeded in reaching a stone, with which he hammered the bull in the eye until the animal, which was all this time holding his victim pinioned to the ground, was forced to let go. The bull then ran to the opposite side of the field, tossing his head and roaring with pain, the eye being almost entirely destroyed. The negro subsequently remarked that he made a square bull's-eye every time.

Two men who happened along in another field went as far as the fence, but were afraid to go to the colored man's assistance, even after the bull had run away. He got up and staggered across the field to the fence, and then he sank senseless. Dr. Van Gieson, of Patterson, was sent for, and he dressed the wound. Dr. Van Gieson says he thinks the negro will recover, although he says it was one of the narrowest escapes he ever saw, as the man's windpipe was actually grazed by the sharp point of the bull's horn.

A Petrified Body Found.

Not long ago it was deemed desirable to remove the remains of Police Officer William Blanford, who died June 11, 1874, of paralysis, and his wife, Rebecca Blansford, who died February 15, last, of lung disease, from the Philanthropic to the Mount Moriah Cemetery. During the progress of the disinterment it was found that the remains of the man had undergone petrifaction, and had been entirely preserved, while his wife's were in a state of decay. The corpse of the former weighed nearly five hundred pounds. Its condition is attributed to the dampness of the earth in which it was buried, similar discoveries having been made there in the last few years. —*Philadelphia News.*

PASSING SMILES.

THE rest of the week—Sunday.

GENERAL to-pics—chiropodists.

A TWO-FOOT-RULE don't stumble.

EVERY tramp carries a roamin' nose

'TIS very easy to re-cover an old umbrella.

DUTCHMEN are but boys of lager growth.

THE carriage-maker never tires. The blacksmith does that for him.

"AFTER Cincinnati, what?" asks a political exchange. O, of course.

NO, Mary Ann, a newspaper dress is not made of prints, however suggestive.

"THE nearer the bone the sweeter the meat," said the thin girl to her country lover.

A MAN may be right, and yet be left. Among the recognized small vices are Vice Presidents.

THE holes in our harbor fortifications were made for big guns. That is why they hold the fort.

A PRINTER'S girl fell exhausted into his arms at a ball. It was a feint to work in another brace.

JOAQUIN MILLER is said to be very busy writing a war poem. Mr. Miller was very recently married.

Eastern specialties in this world, says the Albany *Journal*, are so imposing as that of a college boy with his first cane.

THE cashier of an Eastern bank ran away with all the funds and the directors placarded the door, "No Cashier."

"JACKSON"—"But say, who gave away the bride?" Jones—"I forgot, but as my note it was a perfect give-away."

CROQUET, says the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, will be popular this season notwithstanding that it is played out.

WHEN Webster said "there is always room at the top," he was not referring to the advertising page of a newspaper.

THE oleomargarine flies, with their brilliantly colored wings, are muttering hither and thither, more especially thither.

"WE see at last that we must cease making jokes. When it gets so they are likely to explode and scare horses it is time to stop."

AT a restaurant: "Take away the sauerkraut; there's a hair in it." "Monsieur, you astonish me. I thought I had picked them all out!"

"GET up, my son! The early bird catches the worm, you know!" "I don't want to catch no worms, papa, and have to take hasty medicine!"

ATMOSPHERICAL knowledge is not thoroughly distributed to our schools. A boy being asked, "What is mist?" vaguely responded, "An umbrella."

A YOUNG man boasted that he had a well-stored mind, whereupon a young lady muttered, "What a pity we can't find out where he stored it!"

THE New Orleans *Picayune* discovers that while the country doctor goes about doing good, the country politician goes around talking about doing good.

ONE glass of plain soda water costs one-tenth of a cent, first price. Now we can understand why it is that a druggist a clerk can use the most expensive kind of hair oil and wear a very small cane.

ONE of the war songs of the Zulus runs:

"Dahl dahl dahl dahl!
Ye! ye! ye! ye!"

The enemy is supposed to take to flight as soon as the song is started.

THE Western girl who persistently declared that she believed all country editors are not only very handsome, but immensely wealthy, has been adjudged insane, says the Hackensack *Republican.*

WHEN a fond parent finds that his little son has emulated the example of the father of his country in regard to arboriculture, he raises the wind immediately; that is to say, he puts the heir in motion.

AN Irish gentleman in London being told by an officer of a bank that he had overdrawn his account, replied that he was not in the habit of twitting them when he had money in their vaults, and he did not want to be twitted by them when he had none.

NOTHING is more pathetic than to see a gentleman rise in a street car and offer his seat to a lady who has been standing for a mile, overcome her protestations, and finally receive her gratitude, and then, with a benignant and satisfied smile, hop right off at his own door.

"DRINKWATER is dead at last," remarked Jonesbury as he entered the house the other evening. "Oh, dear," exclaimed Mrs. J.; "but then his widow is left comfortable. He's well off, isn't he?" "He is *now*," replied Jonesbury with an emphasis on the "now," that Mrs. Jonesbury didn't more than like.

A Clincher.

One day a party of gentlemen were smoking together in a hotel somewhere in Connecticut. "Young men," said the inevitable, social statistician who was present, "smoking is an extravagant habit. Don't you think it is wrong? Don't you think you should give it up?" One of those addressed removed his cigar from his lips and coolly replied in behalf of the company that he "couldn't see it." "Well," returned the statistical person, "I will give you an example which is within my own knowledge: Right here in this very town, lives a friend of mine who used to be a great smoker. One day he determined to abandon the habit and save the money which he would otherwise have spent for cigars. At the end of fifteen years he bought a very nice house with the money saved in this way. What do you think of that?" The spokesman of the smokers ought to have been crushed, but he wasn't. "He has the house," he said, "but you must admit that he hasn't had the cigars."—*Hartford Post*

A CINCINNATIAN who recently visited Central Kentucky to see the blue grass region, returned disappointed and dejected. He had traveled two hundred miles and never saw a blade of blue grass. All the grass to be seen was green—just the same old green grass he had seen everywhere.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1880.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Pos Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1880.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The PRESS entered its twenty-eighth (28th) volume on January 1st, 1880.

Now is the time to subscribe. This year will be an exciting one in the politics of the country, and it will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

If sufficient encouragement be received, various improvements will be made.

Persons wishing to act as Agents will hear something to their advantage, if they write us at once.

Send for instructions and terms.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1880.

—Local matter crowded out other articles prepared for this week's PRESS.

—Col. Armfield's open letter next week.

—Have not seen the Raleigh *News* for three or four days.

The National Democratic Convention.

The Democratic National Convention organized at Cincinnati on Tuesday and adjourned to Wednesday.

Mr. Tilden has addressed a letter to the New York delegation, at Cincinnatti, declining to be a candidate for the Presidencial nomination. Mr. Seymour is also reported as declining the nomination.

The Democratic State Convention.

The largest and most enthusiastic Democratic State Convention, ever held in the State, assembled in Raleigh on Thursday last. Metropolitan Hall was too small to hold the members, and they adjourned to the Capitol Square, and under the noble oaks organized as follows:

Permanent president, Hon. John W. Graham; vice-presidents; first district, S. B. Spruill; second district, C. J. Mattocks; third district, J. C. McRae; fourth district, T. B. Venable; fifth district, Geo. Williamson; sixth district, W. L. Steele; seventh district, H. W. Fries; eighth district, Johnstone Jones. H. A. London and R. N. Furnam were made permanent secretaries, and Capt. Swift Galloway, A. L. Blow and P. M. Wilson assistant secretaries.

The nomination of Hon. John A. Gilmer for judge of the fifth judicial district was ratified by the State convention, by acclamation.

The chair announced that nominations for chief magistrate of the State were in order.

T. C. Fuller, of Wake, nominated for governor, Daniel G. Fowle. [Cheers.]

Ham C. Jones, of Mecklenburg, nominated for governor, Thomas J. Jarvis. [Applause–deafening cheers.]

Hon. W. T. Dortch, of Wayne, nominated for governor, Gen. Alfred M. Scales.

W. H. Day, of Halifax, seconded the nomination of Thomas J. Jarvis.

Col. George Williamson seconded the nomination of A. M. Scales.

W. A. Branch seconded the nomination of Daniel G. Fowle.

Dr. P. T. Henry, of Granville, spoke to and in behalf of the nomination of Daniel G. Fowle.

BALLOT FOR GOVERNOR.—Jarvis received 675 votes; Fowle 453 11-18; Scales, 108½; Davis. 1½.

Then followed a scene rarely witnessed. Amid roars, shouts and cheers, county after county changed their votes to Jarvis, to make the nomination unanimous.

The following is the full ticket:

FOR GOVERNOR:
THOMAS J. JARVIS,
Of Pitt.

FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR:
JAMES. L. ROBINSON,
Of Macon.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE:
WILLIAM L. SANDERS,
Of Wake.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL:
THOMAS S. KENAN,
Of Wilson.

FOR STATE TREASURER:
JOHN M. WORTH,
Of Randolph.

FOR AUDITOR:
W. P. ROBERTS,
Of Gates.

FOR SUPT. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION:
JOHN C. SCARBOROUGH,
Of Johnson.

Electors for the State at Large:
JAMES M. LEACH, of Davidson.
FABIUS H. BUSBEE, of Wake.

Speeches were made by Gov. Jarvis and Judge Fowle. The latter pledged himself to support the nomination, and urged all his friends to use every legitimate means to elect Jarvis by over 20,000 majority.

All the Democrats have to do now is to vote as one man for the ticket and the victory is won. Indeed there is no doubt expressed as to the result; but we would urge all to work with a will, and let nothing prevent them. An energetic campaign, insures success.

Let every Democrat determine to do his duty.

—As far as heard from Robbins is the district choice for Congress, having been nominated by the counties of Rowan, Davie, Forsyth, Yadkin, Surry, and Iredell, Wilkes, Alleghany, Alexander, Watauga and Ashe are yet to be heard from. It is believed that all the counties yet to be heard from will also go for Robbins, making his nomination unanimous. —*Watchman.*

—Heavy storm passed over the region in the vicinity of New York, demolishing every thing in its path. Also through southern Indiana, central and southern Ohio and northern Kentucky. The damage to fences, bridges houses and crops is incalculable.

—Mrs. Florence S. Martin and Senator Zebulon B. Vance, of North Carolina, were married at the resinence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Samuel Steele, of Oldham county, Ky.

—Salisbury *Watchman*: The accomplished and talented authoress, Miss Fannie Fisher, has returned to Europe, in apparent good health and her home in Salisbury, from abroad in vigor.

PETERSBURG, VA., June 13.—A destructive cylcone occurred here yesterday afternoon accompanied by heavy rain. It extended over a radius of many miles. A number of houses were unroofed, and the front window glass in several stores was demolished. In Chesterfield County, a short distance from the city, the storm was very destructive, uprooting large trees, blowing down fences, barns and telegraph wires, and doing immense damage to the wheat crops and young fruit trees. The new family residence of Hudson Hughes, located near Half-way station, on the R. & P. R. R., was completely demolished.

STATE NEWS.

—The *Newbernian* notes the shipment of 2,000 barrels of Irish potatoes last week by the Newbern truckers.

—J. W. Duggins has commenced the publication of a newspaper at Mt. Airy, called the *Christian Advance*, and devoted to the interest of the Young Men's Christian Association.

—Lenoir (Caldwell county) *Topic:* Prof. Kerr writes to Dr. Beall that he expects to be in Lenoir in a short time, on his way to meet a party of gentlemen from Pittsburg, who are interested in the building of the road from Pittsburg to this section, and to connect with our narrow guage road.

—We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at the Grand Ball—on the evening of the 1st July—given in Asheville in honor of the North Carolina Press Association, who hold their Annual Meeting there on the 30th instant.

—Anderson Page of Wake county is more than ninety years old, but still attends to all the business about his farm and treguently comes to Raleigh. He had ten children eight of them sons, all of them are still living, the youngest not being more than 45 years old. All of the sons are more than six feet high, six of them went through the war and none of them hurt.—*News.*

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C,
June 19th, 1880.

Dear Press:—I went down to the Capitol on Wednesday, to be present during the last hour, of Congress, which is generally quite exciting, but which in this case was remarkably tame. In the Senate attempts were made to reach various bills but without success. Conkling endeavored to have considered the bill fixing the duty on malt, failing in which he remarked in his usual caustic manner, that as there was evidently no sympathy in the Senate with malt in any form he would not press his motion to consider it. A short executive session then ensued and at 12.10 p. m., the doors were re-opened, the clock was set back to 12 m., in order that the adjournment should be strickly in accordance with the letter of the joint resolution, and the President *pro tem*, Senator Thurman of Ohio, wishing the Senators a pleasant trip to their homes and thanking them for their courteous treatment, declared the Senate adjourned sine die. There was a feeble attempt at applause led by a diminutive page, but it died away before reaching the galleries, and the hall was soon cleared. The House died ignominiously. fillibustering to the last, in the middle of a roll call. There have been innumerable attempts to get at bills for the erection of public buildings in various sections of the country, during one of which the absence of a quorum was developed. A call of the House, which usually occupies about fifteen minutes, was then ordered at ten minutes to twelve. During the call the members were unusually demonstrative and disorderly, running about the hall, and shaking hands and saying good-bye, and responding to their names in all manners of tone with "all here," here for five minutes etc. Promptly at 12 m., the speaker interrupted the call with repeated raps of the gavel, and after a short farewell address, declared the House adjourned amidst prolonged and hearty applause, both on the floor and in the galleries. On last Wednesday night there was a serenade to General Garfield and a ratification meeting of the Republican ticket in front of the Riggs House. General Garfield made a short address of thanks, but did not allude at all to the political issues of the day, or to attacks which have been made against his record. The other speakers were Attorney Gen. Devens, Hons. Geo. M. Robeson of N. J., ex-Secretary of the Navy, Chas. G. Williams of Wisconsin, George A. Sheridan, D. C., T. J. Henderson, Ill., A. S. McCook, N. Y., John A. Logan, Ill., and several lesser lights. With the exception of Robeson, Devens and Logan, the speakers were decidedly weak, and the general impression appears to be that they made a great mistake in acting on the defensive, and trying to bolster up Garfield's record. There were loud and repeated cries for Blaine, Conkling and Sherman, neither of whom was forthcoming. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested at the occasional mention of the name of Grant, while illusion to Garfield fell upon the crowd like a wet blanket. The Republicans here seem to feel that they have made a great mistake in not nominating the *silent soldier* at Chicago; and if the Democrats make a wise selection at Cincinnati, of a man with an invulnerable record, such as Hancock, Bayard, or Thurman, they will certainly win the day in November next. General Ransom will leave for Cincinnati this evening. Senator Vance has already gone west, his business there being of a matrimonial rather than a political nature, as your readers already know. CON.

ADDRESS

Delivered to the Students of Associational High School, Boonville, Yadkin County, N. C., by F. T. Balwin, June 9th, 1880.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Knowing as I did, the intelligence and culture that would be assembled on this occasion, and knowing as well, my own incompetency, my youth and inexperience; my first impression was, to decline the invitation so kindly extended to deliver the Address to-day, leaving the laurels that might be here gathered, to an older and more experienced orator. But the mind of man is ever changing. Whenever his thoughts and feelings are turned, in a particular direction, some unforeseen incident occurs, which effectually changes his plans. Indeed our lives are made up of a succession of disappointed hopes and unexpected pleasures. I at length decided to address you, relying more upon the generous forbearance of my audience, than upon my ability to discuss this subject, or my power to entertain.

The subject I have selected has been discussed on like occasions "from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." The importance of educating the young has been often proclaimed from the rostrum by able advocates, to attentive listeners, who, I trust, have ever profited by efforts in so good a cause. Yet, notwithstanding all that has been said, the half is not yet told.

There are some things, God never intended should appear old to his people. The artist, who loves to reproduce on his canvass God's beautiful pictures, the mountains, the valleys, the moss-covered rocks, and the tiny, rippling brook, never wearies in praising the handiwork of Him "who doeth all things well."

The sailor never tires of the monotonous expanse of water which surrounds him; and when the sands of his life are nearly run, and he leaves the vessel upon which so many happy hours have been spent, to live out his few remaining days on land, surrounded by his family and friends, a sigh will often escape him, when he thinks "of the days that have gone by."

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago, Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea. His ministers have been going to and fro throughout the world ever since, declaring him the Messiah, sent on a mission of love, to suffer for the sins of men, that he sitteth on the right hand of the Father in heaven, making intercessions for us. His coming has ever yet been, and I trust ever will be celebrated by the ministers from their pulpits, proclaiming, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace and good will to men."

On the bank of the far-famed river Rhine, stands to-day, an old castle apparently in an advanced stage of decay. Bats inhabit its lofty turrets, uninterrupted by the approach of man. Great crevices may be seen in its walls, where the ivy grows unmolested. Within that venerable structure is furnished with costly modern furniture. Rich carpets cover the ancient oak flooring; handsome mirrors reflect the forms of gallant men and beautiful women, and the voice of merriment and laughter is heard there just the same as around our own firesides.

The subject which I have selected for to-day, is old I admit, but like that ancient German castle on the bank of that romantic river, although the exterior may be, apparently, the same it was a century ago, the interior is ever undergoing some important change; some handsome piece of furniture is ever being added to its already well furnished apartments.

The human form is the finest piece of workmanship that has ever yet been executed. The Creator has given us all that is necessary for the enjoyment of life. He has given us the sense of taste, and has spread before us tempting fruits, and bids us eat. He has given us the sense of sight, and placing before us the beautiful landscape, bids us feast our souls upon it, and realize the power and goodness of him who made it. He has given us the sense of smell, and placing his flowers within our reach, bids us enjoy their delicious perfume. But the greatest boon he has given us is *intellect*. It has been truly and beautifully said,—

"Beauty gives
The features perfectness, and to the form
Its delicate proportions. She may stain
The eye with a celestial blue—the cheek
With carmine of the sunset. She may breathe
Grace into every motion, like the play
Of the least visible tissue of a cloud:
She may give all that is within her own
Bright cestus—and one glance of intellect,
Like tronger magic, will outshine it all."

Then how important is the cultivation of the mind! Is it possible that the noblest faculty, the most precious diamond within God's created casket, man, should never feel the polishing touch of the workman's instruments?

If I had before me to-day a history of what might have been, I would find the names of many who have died, "unwept, unhonored and unsung," inscribed as ornaments and benefactors to the world,—had they been educated. We cannot remedy that which is past. I would not ask you to bemoan their fate, but let it be a warning to you,—let *them* be lights along the shore, where so many vessels have been wrecked, that you may keep *your* barks from off the cruel breakers.

Education is not only a necessity, but the source of the greatest pleasures with which man was ever blessed. The scorching rays of the mid-summer sun seem to fall less oppressively on the farmer whose mind is stored with useful information, upon which his thoughts are ever turning. The mechanic, who has cultivated the mind God has given him, whistles while he labors. If I were an artist, and had been requested to paint a picture of true happiness, I would not ask the victorious General who had just emerged from a great battle, with never fading laurels, to sit for me, I would not place upon my canvass the bloated volutunary. I would not picture the gold-worshipping miser,—none of these would I honor with a stroke of my brush. But I would place my easel in front of a school-house, and at recess, I would picture the children at play.

A very popular excuse which parents give for not sending their *boys* to school, seems to be, that they expect to make farmers or mechanics of them. Now, I believe that fate has already decided what course they are to pursue. I am not in favor of educating them to erroneously suppose it is a disgrace to work, for I believe some of the noblest hearts that ever beat in the bosoms of men, sent the life-blood tingling to the toil-worn hands of labor. But I would have you educate them, and then, when they see things in their true and proper light, let *them* choose their vocation in life. If you would do this, I doubt if there would be so many unqualified professional men all through the country whose success depends on the ignorance of their patrons.

At all times, and in all ages, in happiness, and in sorrow, knowledge ever lends its aid to man. To the boy, who trudges to school with books and slate, who looks outward on the great untrodden path before him, the snares and pitfalls that are ever set for the ignorant and unwary, have no terrors. To the man who has implanted within him such principles as have been collected and handed down from generation to generation, principles of morality and duty to his fellow-men, life is indeed a pleasure. When the *old* man, who has the consciousness of a life well spent in the accumulation of knowledge, and in imparting it to others, sees that his race is nearly run, it is a consolation to him to know, that long after he shall have passed away,—when the flowers have bloomed and faded many times upon his grave, his influence for good will still be felt among the friends and neighbors he has left behind.

I do not pretend that education can ever be a substitute for that religious hope, which is so great a consolation to the christian, but it is like the gentle dews that fall at night, aiding the warm sun in ripening the grain for the harvester's sickle.

There are men, I am aware, of extraordinary ability and culture, yet dead to the noble feelings and inspirations by which all good men are actuated, who turn the beggar away unfed, and persecute the people of God. Yet this is not becaue of their culture, but of their wicked and depraved natures. And even these men we can but admire, although we do not love them, for who shall say, they have not fulfilled the mission upon which they were sent. The education, even of such as these, is like, "Moonlight on a troubled sea, brightening the storm it cannot calm."

It was supposed among the ancients, that within a cave in a certain mountain, there bubbled from the wall, a fountain of cool, limpid water, that whoever should drink of this water would never grow old or die, but live on forever in perpetual youth and beauty. That the entrance to this fountain was guarded by two fierce and bloodthirsty dragons. That the mouldering bones scattered about told with an inaudible voice, the voice of death, the folly in attempting to taste the medicinal wonder.

There is a fountain, the fountain of knowledge, ever bubbling forth to supply those who wish to drink of its waters. It is not hidden in a dark cave, but bursts forth in God's beautiful sunlight, casting its spray in every direction, on which are reflected the many attractive colors of the rainbow. No dragons guard the entrance to this fountain, it is accessible to all. The wise men of the East, who came down to Bethlehem at the birth of our Saviour, drank at this fountain. It is the fountain at which the learned have drunk ever since. It is a fountain at which *you* may drink, if you will only place your lips to its sperkling jets. Those who drink freely of it, although they do not live forever, build to themselves magnificent monuments that will endure until the end of time.

In some countries of Europe, where most of the paying and responsible positions are occupied by the nobility, there exists a compulsory system of education. Children who will never have an opportunity to rise in the world, because they are the children of the people, are compelled by law to attend school a certain length of time. Experience has shown this plan to be a wise one. Then in this beautiful land of ours, where equality of rights and privileges is secured to all, where one of the little boys, here to-day, may, if made of the true metal, grace the Gubernatorial chair at Raleigh,—yes, even the hospitalities of the White-House at Washington; under such circumstances as these I say, how important *must be* the education of the young.

There may be persons here to-day, who pretend they are too *poor* to educate their children, yet laying up property for them to enjoy when they themselves have passed away.

Have you never thought your are laying up for them those things which we are told will "take to themselves wings and fly away"? Have you never thought that money and ignorance are uncongenial, that the money generally disappears, while the ignorance in all its hideousness remains? Have you never thought it is better to give your children four-hundred dollars in their heads, and one hundred in their pockets, than to place the entire five-hundred in their pockets? Have you never imagined you are depriving them of that which is as essential to the development of their minds as the sun is to the development of plants? If so, I beg of you in the interest of the children you love, in the interest of the cause of education, in the interest of the "Old North State," whose prosperity depends on the intelligence of her people; yes, I beg of you in the interest of humanity itself, to give this subject your immediate consideration; for every sunset, yes every tick of the clock on your mantel, is bringing you nearer the time when your children must go out into the world as men and women. When she, who is your little daughter now, will not be able to take that social position in life you would like, *because of your neglect.* When that boy of yours, whose intellect is perhaps as bright as any in North Carolina, will be

"Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far off shore, where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,"

I would not advise you to educate your sons only, leaving your fair daughters to grow up in ignorance; but let them too begin early the search for knowledge. The influence of women has ever been great upon man. She has ever been raising him to the highest pinnacles of happiness, or dragging him down in the lowest depths of misery and woe. She has ever been a bright, fixed star, lightening and making pleasant his journey, or an "ignis fatuus" leading him on to destruction. Eve pursuaded Adam to eat of the forbidden fruit. The strong man Sampson, who could not be subdued by men surrendered himself an easy prey to the wiles of his Delilah. Cleopatra, by her beauty and fascinating manners, made a willing slave of Anthony, and broke forever the powerful triumvirate at Rome. The immortal Joan of Arc, grasping in one hand a white banner, and in the other a sword, struck terror, at Orleans, to the hearts of the formerly triumphant English, led on the heretofore despondent French army to repeated victories, and was no doubt the means by which the crown of France was at last placed upon the head of Charles the seventh.

Will you neglect to educate your daughter when you have such an opportunity as is now presenting itself to you?

There is a great responsibility resting upon parents of to-day, not only as regards the welfare of their children, but the welfare of the whole country twenty-five years hence depends on them.

The mind of woman should be cultivated, so that she may have a good moral influence on man, lightening his burdens, and being truly "a help meet for him."

The world is ever ready, when some great achievement in war has been accomplished, to prostrate itself before the conquering general and strew roses in his path. There is a class of persons in the world, who labor faithfully for the cause of education, fighting and conguering ignorance, cultivating the minds of the young and causing rich grain to spring up and choke out the weeds and thistles. I would not have you prostrate yourselves even before these, but I would have you be kind to and considerate of them, remembering that many of them to-day would be ornaments to more paying professions, but have chosen that position in life where they think they may be of the most benefit to mankink.

Although I am interested in the cause of education all over our good old State, I am doubly so in Yadkin county. Although she is not the County of my nativity, here is where I have passed most of my life. Upon her soil, in the village of East Bend, stands my humble but worthy Alma Mater. Wherever I go within her borders, I grasp the hands of friends. I trust to see the day when her highest hills will be crowned with school houses, when a desire for knowledge will be the chief ambition of her people.

It was the custom among the Norams, introduced by William the Conqueror, when an issue was joined in a writ of right, to measure off a square piece of ground of a certain size, in which, were placed the disputants armed with small pieces of timber. Near them, on a platform erected for the purpose sat the dignified justice of the Common Pleas, enveloped in their scarlet robes. The contest began at sunrise. If he who acted in the defense could maintain the battle until the stars appeared in the evening, it was declared by the Justice that providence had decided in his favor. But if either party before that time, cried out the horrible word "craven," a word of shame and disgrace, the contest was decided against him, his house was torn down, his trees were dug up, and his family sent adrift on the unsympathizing world.

In conclusion I will say, there is an issue joined here to-day. Education is arrayed against ignorance. Let us enter the lists determined to conquer this evil. Let our blows fall thick and fast. Let it be undersood among us that the shameful word "craven" is never to be uttered. Let us faithfully maintain the right, and when the twilight in the evening of our lives comes stealing upon us, and the stars appear, great will be the victory we shall have achieved. The contest will not be decided by a few justices enveloped in their robes of scarlet, but posterity, the great impartial judge, to whom many great and good men have submitted the justification of their acts and lives, will record on the pages of history, a glorious verdict in our favor.

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years one daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had poohed at for two years, before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—*The Parents.*

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Grass Seeds, Fertilizers and Country Produce.

OUR EFFORTS TO BUILD UP A LARGE TRADE HAS BEEN CROWNED with success, and we have been compelled to double the size and capacity of our former storehouse, which gives us the best arranged and most convenient store-rooms in the State. We have added very many articles to our stock and separated our wholesale department from the retail and made it very complete and we are now pleased to offer to the Spring trade both wholesale and retail a stock, in quality, variety and magnitude, never before equaled in this market, and with our increased facilities and renewed energy, we intend to offer our customers greater inducements than ever before, and by pursuing the same course as heretofore, we hope and expect to achieve still greater results, and to merit the same. We will continue to have in stock a full line of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Calicos	Ladies' H'dfs,	Cottonades,	Putty,	Coffee,
Lawns,	Ladies' Ruffs,	Linens,	Locks,	Sugar,
Piques,	Ladies' Shawls,	Jeans,	Hinges,	Syrup,
Linens,	Ladies' Kid Gloves,	Cassimeres,	Screws,	Soda,
Poplins,	Perfumery,	Doeskins,	Kettles,	Fish,
Worsteds,	Ribbons,	Broadcloths,	Mule Shoes,	Salt,
Cashmeres,	Insertings,	Fries' Jeans,	Horse Shoes,	Meat,
Silks,	Hamburg Edgings,	Counterpanes,	Mattocks, Hoes,	Lard,
Grasscloths,	Plaids,	Shirts & Collars,	Horse Shoe Nails,	Flour,
Swiss Muslins,	Sheetings,	Ties & Suspenders,	Grindstones,	Meal,
Victoria Lawns,	Cotton Yarns,	Pocket Knives,	Oils & Lead,	Kegs,
Jaconets,	Drillings,	Knives & Forks,	Varnishes,	Tubs,
Bl'ched Domestic,	Cambrics,	Nails,	Drugs, Dye Stuffs,	Rope,
Ladies' Ties,	Osnabergs,	Axes,	Pat'nt Medicines,	Corn,
Ladies' Collars,	Flannels,	Hammers,	Leather,	Chop.
Ladies' Cuffs,	Hickory Shirtings,	Saws,	Crockery,	Oats,
Ladies' Hosiery,	Bed Ticking,	Glass,	Stationery,	Rye,

Paints, Notions of every description, White Goods, Trunks and Valises, Sole, Harness and Upper Leather, Blankets, Oil Cloths, Table Linens, Napkins, Umbrellas, &c. A large assortment of all colors and numbers of J. & P. Coats' SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON, always on hand, at same prices and on same terms that it is sold by the largest jobbing houses in America. You will save freight by buying from us. We continue to keep

Best Assortment of ALPACAS in Town,

and offer inducements in Ladies' Dress Goods. We are Sole Agents for the Winchester Cassimeres, Boots and Shoes, which are so well and favorably known that it is only necessary to state that we will offer this year a greater variety of both than ever before. Every pair of Shoes and Boots fully warranted.

It is a conceded fact that we carry a larger and better assorted stock and sell more Boots and Shoes than any house in this county.

Our Wholesale Department will be more complete this year than ever before, and we are fully prepared to meet all competition both here and elsewhere, and ask our country merchants to make a note of this.

20,000 BAGS FOR SALE, ON LIBERAL TERMS, THIS SPRING, OF

ALLISON & ADDISON'S

"STAR BRAND"

COMPLETE MANURE FOR TOBACCO.

Dried Fruits & Country Produce taken in exchange for Merchandise.

We invite all to come and examine our Stock and Prices before purchasing.

N. H. MEDEARIS, of Forsyth,
THOS. H. PEGRAM, Jr., of Winston,
J. W. MARTIN, of Davie,
W. H. BYNUM, of Stokes,
E. F. WALL, of Surry,
} Are with us as Salesmen, and invite their friends and acquaintances to call and see them.

Respectfully,

April 10, 1880. HINSHAW BROTHERS

NEW GOODS

AT THE OLD STAND OF F. FRIES,

SALEM, N. C.

IN ORDER TO SUPPLY THE INCREASING DEMAND FOR GOODS AT THIS OLD ESTABLISHED HOUSE, I have had a buyer in the Northern cities to make selections in person, and now have ready for inspection

A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK,

to which I invite the attention of my old

Wholesale and Retail Customers,

and all who may wish to buy.

The stock is FULL in every branch, including

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, &c., &c.

It would be too tedious to enumerate all the attractions, but would particularly call attention to the fine selection of SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS, PLAIDS, OPERA, RED AND WHITE FLANNELS, REPELLANTS, CASHMERES, NOTIONS, GENTLEMEN'S & LADIES' FINE MERINO UNDERWEAR, ZIEGLER & BROTHER'S HAND SEWED BOOTS, AND LADIES' FINE SHOES.

I will also sell, as heretofore, the Goods of F. & H. FRIES, HOLT'S, RANDLEMAN'S AND CONCORD PLAIDS. Also the different brands of RANDOLPH SHEETINGS at FACTORY PRICES.

I have the agency for the sale of J. & P. COAT'S CELEBRATED SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON, at PHILADELPHIA PRICES. This thread is acknowledged to have no superior in the market.

I also continue the agency of the justly celebrated

AVERY PLOWS,

which have, by numerous trials, proved to be superior to any heretofore introduced in this section. In addition to their excellence, the price should induce every farmer to buy them.

Give me a call, and I will satisfy you that I intend to sell you

A GOOD BARGAIN

in anything I have to offer, as I have bought exclusively for CASH, thereby giving my customers the benefit of all cash discounts, and will sell my goods at a very short profit.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 23, 1879. H. W. FRIES.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1880.

LOCAL ITEMS.

HANDS WANTED.

Girls wishing work in a Cotton Factory should see or write to

F. & H. FRIES,
Salem, N. C.

—Salem Sunday School will hold its picnic at Harrison Reed's, on Friday (to-morrow.)

—A. M. Jones has now in bloom, a sword-leaf cactus, on which there are 410 blossoms.

—There is a hopper in use at Miller's mill, Davidson county, said to be over one hundred years old.

—The Amateur Band will give a promenade concert in the public square, Salem, on the night of July 3rd.

—Rev. T. Harrison, of Greensboro, delivered a lecture on Foreign Missions at New Friendship Church, on Monday last.

—Quite a number of the young folks of this place enjoyed themselves finely at a picnic on last Friday, in the woods east of town.

—Thomas J. Donigan, a well known and esteemed citizen of Winston, died on the 18th inst., aged 68 years, 2 months and 27 days.

—A son of Henry Brendle, of Waughtown, while wrestling with a companion, was thrown, dislocating and fracturing his left arm.

—Rev. Allison Long, formerly of this county, now of Maryland, is on a visit to relatives. He preached at Bethany on last Sunday.

—The horses attached to a two-horse wagon belonging to a Mr. Binkly, ran away on Attwood's hill on Monday, demolishing the wagon, but injuring no one.

—The weather has been remarkably cool for several days past, quite a contrast to the recent heated term. Getting very warm again however, with cool mornings.

—Charlie Cooper, of this place, received a pair of "Golden Sea Island Bantam" chickens from his uncle Sam., in Shelbyville, Kentucky; though small, the fowls are very pretty.

—There is an old lady living in Arcadia township, Davidson county, 95 years of age, who yet retains her eyesight in a remarkable degree. She never wore spectacles and can do common sewing, darning and patching.

—Miss Augusta Crouse, daughter of Harrison Crouse, of South Fork township, fell from a cherry tree, where she had been picking cherries. She fractured one of her arms and badly sprained the other. Doing as well as could be expected.

—Infant School Examination took place on Friday last. The little ones did well. Miss Pfohl is a faithful teachers and deserves liberal encouragement. Miss Welfare's School also closed last week, and is deservedly in a flourishing condition.

—Judge Clould is at Salem Hotel.——Mrs. J. T. Zorn is on a visit to relatives and friends in Pennsylvania.——Rev. James Hall started on an extended Northern tour on Tuesday last.——Mrs. Raine and daughter, left for their home in Texas on Friday.

—A bunch of oats was taken from a patch of wheat grown on a rich spot of ground, formerly a cow-pen, numbering 117 heads, springing from one seed, and averaging 113 grains to the head, giving a yield of 13,221 grains from one sown.
H. L. B.

—Those boys who visit person's gardens for the purpose of robbing bird's nests, *in town*, had better be careful where they go to engage in such mean business, as we heard a lady say the next time she caught them in her garden, she would turn her big dog loose. Look out boys, he's a regular biter.

—A very pleasant social party and dance took place at the Salem Hotel, in honor of the young ladies of Salem and Winston, on Thursday night last. The company was large and everything passed off well. The music was given by D. T. Crouse's band, and was first class.

—Eugene P. Albea having finished his rounds as census enumerator, will be at the Court House on Friday and Saturday, June 25th and 26th, for the purpose of correcting any errors or omissions which may have occurred in the enumeration of Salem and Winston.

—Dr. Bahnson has a fine cactus plant of the night-blooming cereus species, and on Monday night last a magnificent flower opened, watched by a number of the doctor's friends. It was truly a splendid floral show, and its annual blossom is always looked for with interest.

—We were shown a fine and pretty fan, made from the feathers of the Curlew, obtained by Judge Cloud, in Florida, and presented to Miss Alice Meller who constructed the fan. The handle of the fan is made of the bill of the bird, and is some six or seven inches long.

—Farmers are complaining that the partridge nests are being robbed extensively. This should be stopped, and as a warning we will say that there is a law against molesting the nests, which should be enforced. Let the nests alone. Bird's eggs are daily brought to town and sold, which is also wrong and should be stopped. Wild turkey nests also suffer from these depredators. If we wish game, we must protect the eggs.

—Winston Lodge, No. 1,673, Knights of Honor, held its semi-annual election for officers, on Tuesday night last, with the following result:

A. B. Gorrell, D.; T. B. Douthit, V. D.; R. D. Johnson, A. D.; I. H. Nelson, R.; J. H. McKee, F. R.; M. W. Norfleet, T.; J. Q. A. Barham, C.; J. F. Prather, G.; W. C. Causey, Guard; J. R. Pearce, Sentinel; Dr. R. D. Hay, Medical Examiner.

DEATH OF ISAAC GOLDING.—Mr. Golding died suddenly at the residence of Col. J. M. Covington, in Stokes county, on Friday morning last. But a few weeks since he called on us looking remarkably well, and seemed to enjoy good health. He retired as usual on Thursday night, and during the night the family were aroused by a peculiar noise, and on entering the room Mr. Golding was found in a dying condition. He was about 70 years of age. He served Stokes county for many years as Superior Court Clerk, and was much esteemed by a large circle of friends.

THE ACADEMY.

—The Concert given in the Chapel of Salem Female Academy, on Wednesday evening, 16th—the musical precursor of Commencement Day, following, was unique, unexceptionable in every way. Le Bon Ton of our town and Winston graced and crowded the capacious room, while the *parterre des belles et fleurs* lent their exquisite charm to the occasion, too natural to need description.

On such former evenings, we have seen the room and stage too profusely and gaudily decorated, and, again, left too severely plain; but, on this particular evening, a happy compromise seems to have been effected, the dressing, especially, of the stage, being all that good taste could have desired,—a foreground of pretty faces, with mirrors, candelabrum and Madonna's in the background, giving the warmest possible setting to the fair picture.

The programme embraced twenty-two numbers (which appeared entire in our issue of the 10th), being by far too extended to allow of our reviewing in detail, and yet, where all was so cleverly done, we may still be pardoned, presumably, if we chance to record impressions carried away, of particular selections.

The four choruses—male voices assisting—all went evenly and well—the Rossini '*L'Esperance*' sounding best; the one from Donizetti's "Martyrs" came out finely with its heavy male support, and the accompaniment of two pianos. There was a very pretty Scherzo movement to the Valse Terzet of Lob. The various piano-forte (solo) pieces all met with very respectable treatment, as did also, the Duos and Octettes for that instrument, in which the Misses Winkler, Walston, Pritchett, Pace, Bitting, Booe, C. and S. Dillin and Vest took part. In this connection, we cannot fail noticing the really excellent execution of Miss Bobbitt and Miss Pinkham; in the English arrangement of the lovely "Faust" airs for four hands, the former acquitted herself in her part with decided distinction, while the playing of the latter in the Ascher "Martha" Transcription, left nothing to be desired—all its *arpeggi* and limpid runs came out under her fingers, clear and singing, while all the *nuances* were finely managed.

The Campana vocal trio "Mia Madre," by Misses Mickey, Fries and Patterson, was well sung. Miss Glenn, with her fine voice, did full justice to the rather trying Scena e Cavitini from Ernani (assisted by chorus), as, also, in the Comic Duet from Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," sung with Prof. D'Anna, and, the Trio from Verdi's Attila—Te sol quest anima, given with Miss Mickey and Prof. D'Anna; the latter being one of the gems of the evening. Another gem was the familiar "Robert, toi que j'aime," from Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," which Miss Mickey interpreted in the chaste, pure character this young lady gives to all her voice-work. Miss Lineback threw into the Schuman Song, "*Er der herrlichste von Allen*," what the Germans term *Innigkeit*, singing it *tendremente* as possible, with voice finely sustained and modulated throughout; in its place on this programme, it seemed like some strong-built German barque sailing upon a boundless Italian sea.

The Comic Duett from L'Elisir d'Amore, between Miss Glenn and Prof. D'Anna, of course provoked a *éclat de rire*, leaving those even unfamiliar with the idiom, to easily translate the eloquent pantomime of the piece. The Pilgrim Chorus from Verdi's "Lombardi," taken by the Singing Class, closed the evenings entertainment.

The entire Concert passed off with the greatest *éclat*,—boisterous *encores*, coupled with a rain of bouquets, following most of the selections, for the kingdom of Flora seemed to have been incontinently robbed of all its tints and odors with which to add its crowning grace and glory to the scene.

It was a perfect evening—with Rossini, Meyerbeer, Schumann and Verdi, such only, as the Academy affords us, in our geographical isolation from the many and rich blessings that High Art gives to those domiciled in the great centres of thought and wealth in our big world.

COMMENCEMENT
AT
SALEM FEMALE ACADEMY.

The Annual Commencement Exercises took place in the Chapel of this Institution, on the morning of Thursday, the 17th instant, at 9 o'clock.

The vast crowd from this place, Winston and surrounding country, together with those visiting from a distance, that usually throngs the hall on such occasions, was present, in large force. It was a cool, charming June morning; all nature evidently sympathizing with the festivities of the day, while gentle breezes seemed to play upon viewless æolian harps through casement and jalousie.

The Hon. Kemp P. Battle, President of the University of N. C., sat on the left of the Principal of the School, the Rev. J. T. Zorn, on the rostrum, his kind, genial face infusing its magnetism into all about him. The young ladies looked like such a bevy of fair women ever does on any bright Spring morning, with the adjuncts of tulle, valenciennes and honiton, massed in a sea of violet, lilac, lavender and mauve color.

The programme opened with a grand Duo from Rossini's "William Tell," arranged by Ascher for two piano-fortes, which was played with artist's understanding of the composer's demands, by Miss Amelia Van Vleck and Prof. D'Anna, Professor of Music in the School.

Then followed a reading of Scripture, the 90th Psalm, and Prayer, by the Rev. E. P. Greider. The Address of Salutation was said by Miss Davis, in a true, firm voice, with good elocution, while the paper was the expression of no ordinary writing. Following,—a Serenade (solo), for voice, piano and organ, of Braga's, sung by Miss Lula Fries, of this place, with calm and reposeful expression. Then, several Essays—"Our Native Land," by Miss Smith, and "Woman's Work," by Miss Winkler, and, with only a piano-forte Duo intervening, several other Essays,—"The Taste for the Beautiful," by Miss Vest, and "Cooking," by Miss Raine,—the speakers owning very polite declamatory powers, while the subject matter of each was handled with fine address, the same giving you the choice of either the æsthetic or the practical and homemade.

The Alberti arrangement of the "Traviata" airs, for two pianos, fell to Miss Pinkham and Prof. D'Anna. The young lady's technique shows a school of the highest order, while the lights and shades and sympathy with her part—as she swept the "beautiful, cold keys"—brought her very near those who listened,—at least, those who know what good piano-forte playing demands and means. An *instrument* means labor and toil,—while the voice, God has fashioned in advance.

There was a lovely Duo for two Soprano voices, "A Venetian Night," of the modern Italian School, by Arditi, sung with the chastest possible expression, by Miss Mickey and Miss Glenn, conjuring visions of Doges Palaces, Bridges of Sighs, Gondolas and sleepy gondolier droning, as the lazily muffled oars plashed through the silent streets of the wierd Sea City of the Adriatic.

The Annual Address was then delivered by the Hon. Kemp P. Battle, President of the University of North Carolina, in a speech of about an hour's length, which was listened to with profoundest respect by the vast auditory. Its burden was mainly a practical discourse upon the subject of general and higher Education, but relieved from all prose by the fine diction and splendid declamation of the speaker, who interested you from the outset by his marked ease and familiarity with his subject, as well as the eloquent and serious thoughts advanced, showing the deep thinker and student through all. The School did wisely in asking the University's honored President to add the lustre of his name and attainments to her Commencement Day.

Then came the Presentation of Diplomas to the Graduating Class, consisting of the following names:

CLASS OF 1880.

Miss Lorena Bobbit, Franklinton, N. C.; Miss Lily Davis, Pass Christian, Miss.; Miss Carrie J. Raine, Galveston, Texas; Miss Bertie Smith, Bethabara, N. C.; Miss Sallie L. Vest, Salem, N. C.; Miss Jessie C. Winkler, Salem, N. C., which delicate duty devolved upon the Rev. Edward Rondthaler, Pastor of the Moravian Church, at this place; this service he very feelingly and unaffectedly performed, indulging (in advance of the presentations to the class) in a fervid, eloquent and impressive utterance of as strong and forcible emotions as we have ever listened to.

Prof. D'Anna followed, going to the piano, and reciting the difficult "Fête Militaire" of Sidney Smith, with scholarly *technique*, and a musician's attendance upon all the requirements of his art. We submit the same, in regard to Miss Van Vleck's playing.

Miss Bobbitt then said the Valedictory Address—a well written paper upon a subject difficult to give any original coloring to because of its so frequent use, which difficulty, however, the fair writer seemed to have ably overcome; and, with a happy blending of melodious voice and correct elocution, she interested, where so many fail.

Miss Glenn closed the musical portion of the programme by singing very charmingly, and giving the utmost pathos to the "Last Rose of Summer," after which, Doxology was sung by the assemblage, and Benediction pronounced by the Rev. E. P. Greider, one of the School Trustees.

There was nothing given during the morning, but what appealed to the best cultivation and art,—nothing jejune, or stilted, or weak, which so frequently marks the case of the ordinary School 'Commencements' of the day. Everything was plainly, and unmistakably indicative of the fact that the high, intellectual standard so long held and kept at this venerable Institution of Learning, has suffered no diminution at the hands of its later administration, and, that she will be, in the future, as she has been in the past history of our Southern country, the leading Institution, of its kind, in the Land. May the shadow never grow less. B.

—Internal Revenue Collections, Fifth District for the week ending Saturday, June 19th, 1880:—

Monday	$3,737 25
Tuesday	3,492 84
Wednesday	2,153 41
Thursday	3,340 40
Friday	1,121 38
Saturday	2,756 04
Total	$16,601 32

—The Danbury *Reporter* says Martin Venable was accidently shot by a small son of ex-Sheriff Gentry, near Pilot Mountain, on or about the 6th of June. The wound is painful but not dangerous.

☛ WANTED!

40,000 SPOKES IMMEDIATELY,
at Waughtown.

—50 ASSORTED CARDS; with name neatly printed, sent by mail to any address for 15 cents.

Cheapest Books in the World.

We are the sole Agents for the sale of the popular and useful books of the American Book Exchange. See supplement to the paper, and supply yourself with a good library. Your special attention is called to the Library of Useful Knowledge, and to Chambers Encyclopædia of 15 volumes, for the low price of $3. These books can be seen at the Salem Bookstore and ordered at short notice.

We wish to get subscribers to the Dictionary of Useful Knowledge during this month. Price $10.50. The cheapest books ever offered. Recollect the month of June and come and order and get the lowest terms.

Moore's History of North Carolina.

We have been favored with a copy of the first volume of this valuable history of our State. It is beautifully printed and neatly bound, and above all, the most reliable history of our State in existence. Every one should have it in his library.

Haunted Me.

Debt, poverty and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which do no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit costs.—*A Workingman.*

—25 FINEST CARDS, with name neatly printed, sent by mail, to any address, for 60 cents.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday last, at the residence of the bride's father, near Clemmonsville, by Rev. E. Rondthaler, Rev. A. LICHTENTHALER to Miss MARY ECCLES, daughter of H. M. Eccles, Esq.

DIED.

Near Mount Vernon, Davidson county, on the 20th inst., JANE, wife of Alexander Bodenhamer, aged about 28 years.

In Davidson County, near Bethany church, during the past week, Mrs. LIVENGOOD, aged 94 years and 5 months.

Near Friedberg, in Davidson County, on Thursday last, SOLOMON SHUTT.

On Saturday 19th inst., near Fork church, Davie county MRS. CARITHA SUFFRONA STEWART, daughter of Edward and Phebe Rominger, aged 26 years, 2 months and 19 days.

In Davidson County, MRS. HARTMAN, at an advanced age.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat, (white) per bush	$1 30 to $1 40
Wheat, (red) " "	1 20 to 1 30
Corn, per bushel,	65 to 70
Oats, " "	40 to 50
Rye, " "	90 to 1 00
Barley, per bush	75 to 80
Flour, per hundred	3 25 to 3 75
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel	55 to 60
Peas, (white,) " "	65 to 70
Beans, (col'd,) " "	40 to 60
Beans, (white,) " "	75 to 90
Onion Setts, per bushel	00 to 00
Pork	6 to 10
Country Meat, (hog round,)	8 to 9
" Hams	10 to 00
Green Apples per bushel	0 00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen	10 to 12½
Butter, per pound	15 to 20
Tallow, " "	7 to 8
Beeswax, " "	20 to 00
Flax Seed, per bushel	1 00 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bush	65 to 1 00
Potatoes, sweet, " "	75 to 80
Cabbage, per pound	1½ to 2
Chickens, per dozen	0 00 to 0 00
Hay, per hundred	50 to 60
Fodder, per hundred bdls	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs	00 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

REPORTED BY A. B. GORRELL.

Winston, N. C., June 23, 1880.

Lugs, Common green	3 00 to 5 00
" Good working	5 00 to 600
Fillers, Common leafy	5 50 to 7 00
" Good leafy	7 50 to 9 00
" Rich, waxy	10 00 to 12 00
Smokers, Common	5 00 to 7 00
" Good	7 50 to 9 00
" Fine	10 00 to 15 00
" Fancy	16 00 to 20 00
Rich, bright leaf	10 00 to 12 00
Sun cured fillers	7 00 to 11 00
Wrappers, Common bright	12 00 to 15 00
" Good bright	25 00 to 30 00
" Fine	35 00 to 50 00
" Fancy	50 00, 60 00 to 75 00
" Good red	12 00 to 16 00
Mahogany wrappers, common	14 00 to 18 00
" " good	20 00 to 50 00
" " fine	35 00 40 00 to 40 00

CHARLOTTE, June. 17.—Flour $3 00 a $3.25. Wheat 1 26 1a30. Corn 65 a 70. Oats 44 a 00. Bacon 7½ a 8. Potatoes, sweet, 30 00 a 0.

NEW YORK, June. 22.—Flour 5 00 a 5 60 Wheat $1 15 a $1 26. Corn 49 a 52. Oats 37 a 38.

CINCINNATI, June. 22.—Wheat 1 11 a 1 12; Corn 40 a 00; Oats, 33 a 00; Flour, $5 00 a 5 75.

MORTGAGE SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A MORTGAGE DEED, executed by B. F. Crosland and wife, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Forsyth County, North Carolina, in Book 9, I will sell on the 24th day of June, 1880, at public auction, at the Courthouse door, in the town of Winston, N. C., the following real estate described in said mortgage, to-wit: A lot or parcel of land, situate in the town of Winston, and bounded as follows: Beginning on corner of Main and Third street, and running thence East on Third street 100 feet; thence North with A. B. Gorrell's line, 60 feet, to Martin Grogan's corner; thence with said Grogan's line West 30 feet; thence South 30 feet to P. A. Wilson's and B. F. Crosland's corner; thence West with said Wilson and Crosland's line, 70 feet to Main street; thence South with said street, 30 feet to the beginning, being a part of Lot No. 60, in the plan of said town of Winston, containing 3,900 square feet, more or less.

Terms of sale cash. Time of sale 12, M., June 24, 1880.

T. R. PURNELL,
May 20, 1880. Attorney for Mortgagee.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties, avoid stimulants and take

HOP BITTERS

If you are a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work, to restore brain nerve and waste, use

HOP BITTERS

If you are young and suffering, from any indiscretion or dissipation; if you are a victim or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, rely on

HOP BITTERS

Whoever you are, wherever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take

HOP BITTERS

Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use

HOP BITTERS

If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! Buy it insist upon it. Your druggist keeps it.

It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

Hop Cough Cure is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask children.

The Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, is superior to all others

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistable cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco or narcotics.

All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

A. C. VOGLER,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

ALL KINDS OF

FURNITURE,

COFFINS,

CASKETS, &c.,

MAIN STREET,

SALEM, N. C.

I have a new HEARSE and am prepared to attend burials at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Undertaking in all its branches. A. C. V.

May 6, 1880.—18

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTICAL

Marble-Worker

AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS

AND

TOMBSTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.

March 21—26-12—1 year.

1880. 1880.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED at Mrs. DOUTHIT'S, a large assortment of all kinds of

MILLINERY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

WHITE GOODS, &c., &c.,

for the Spring and Summer of 1880, which will be sold cheap for cash.

All are invited to call.

MRS. T. B. DOUTHIT.

Salem, N. C., April 8, 1880.

SUPERLATIVE

BAKING POWDER.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Absolutely Pure.

THE SUPERLATIVE BAKING POWDER is the standard article of the *United States* for strength and purity. The best article for general baking purposes.

It is the Cook's Favorite.

Warranted perfectly pure and superior to any thing of the kind now in the market, for healthfulness and strength, producing at all times the

Most Delicious Cookery.

For sale by Grocers, or sent direct by mail on receipt of sixty (60) cents for one pound cans. Sold in Cans only.

Full Strength Guaranteed.

Address

SUPERLATIVE

Baking Powder Company,

143 Chambers St., New York.

Show this to your Grocer.

April 1, 1880.

FLAGG'S

IMPROVED PATENT LIVER PAD!

NEVER GETS HARD.

CAN BE MADE ANY STRENGTH DESIRED. LAST TWICE AS LONG.

Diseases Cured without Dragging the System.

CURES

Chills and Fever,
Liver Complaint,
Dyspepsia,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Rheumatism,
Costiveness,
Female Weakness,
Sick & Nervous Headache.

These Pads Cure all Diseases by Absorption. No Noxious Pills, Oils, or Poisonous Medicines are taken into the Stomach. The Pads are worn over the Pit of the Stomach, covering the Great Nerve Centres, also the Liver, Spleen, &c. The Genuine Vegetable Pads is absorbed into the circulation of the Blood and Liver, purifying the Blood, stimulating the Liver and Kidneys to healthy action, and strengthening the Stomach to digest food. PRICE OF PADS $1 AND $2 EACH. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, or sent by Mail or Express.

Manufactured at 39 & 41 NORTH LIBERTY ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

For sale in Winston at the Drug Stores of Montague & Gray, and S. H. Smith.

CHICKERING PIANOS

Other Pianos wear out

BUT THEY DO ON FOREVER.

VICTORS in all great contests and for 33 years past the acknowledged Standard of the World. Musical Perfection, Wonderful Durability and Reasonable Cost. True economy dedicates purchase of a genuine Chickering and no other.

LAST CHANCE TO BUY CHEAP

Chickering & Sons largely advanced their prices Feb. 1. Our old contracts expire April 1, and we will fill all orders received before that date at old rates. Our prices are positively the lowest in America. Order now and save from $25 to $200 on the purchase. Present rates guaranteed only to April 1.

LUDDEN & BATES, Savannah, Ga.

Wholesale Agents for Ga., Fla., S. C., N. C. & Ala.

ORGANS! PIANOS! MUSIC!

AND

GENERAL MUSICAL MERCHANDISE!

The people of Forsyth and surrounding Counties are invited to the

MUSIC STORE, MAIN ST., WINSTON,

to examine the stock of

FIRST-CLASS ORGANS and PIANOS.

W. P. ORMSBY is in direct connection with the leading manufacturers, and he calls the attention of all parties needing instruments, to the fact that he is established here in their own section, and as he intends making good every warrant he gives with the instriments he sells, they will find it much safer to deal with him than with the dealers advertising from remote parts of the country.

This being a BRANCH HOUSE of the celebrated music publishers, DITSON & CO., of New York, customers can select from the newest and best music of the day. All orders filled, mail free, at publishers' rates.

Pianos and Organs repaired and tuned and Old Instruments taken in exchange.

Medical Men, Mechanics and Operators all recommend the famous light-running

Domestic Sewing Machine,

for the following reasons:

It is the Lightest running.
It is the most noiseless.
It is the simplest and best made machine.
Its tension is elastic, so it breaks no thread.
It carries a larger bobbin and more thread than any other machine.
It winds the bobbin without running the machine or throwing off the driving band.
It is made with *Concentric motions and will not wear out.*

The DOMESTIC has gone far ahead of all other machines in all the cities of the United States, and has never before been offered in competition with cheap machines.

For terms, for CASH or INSTALLMENT, call at the Company's

BRANCH OFFICE,

in the MUSIC STORE, Winston, opposite the Merchants Hotel.

Old Machines taken in Exchange.

W. P. ORMSBY, Agent.

WINSTON, N. C.

November 13, 1879. No. 46. 6mo.

Nissen Wagon Manufacturing Co

Wagons, Carts, Wheelbarrows, &c.

ESTABLISHED BY J. P. NISSEN, 1824.

Post Office SALEM, N. C. WORKS AT Waughtown.

Best is always cheapest in the end.

WE are better prepared for making wagons than ever before, having a much larger and better stock of thoroughly air-seasoned lumber, and the best wagon mechanics to be procured.

We employ no apprentices, and always endeavor to make

OUR WORK OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT

AND GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

All who use wagons must not forget that first-class work cost more and is worth more than cheap work.

We also keep a large stock of BUILDING LUMBER and LONG LEAF SHINGLES, at lowest prices.

Waughtown, Forsyth County, N. C., Feb 27, 1878—no9tf.

JOHN GATLING, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
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NORTH CAROLINA

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

RALEIGH, N. C.

INSURES ALL Insurable Property, CLASSES OF Against Loss or Damage by Fire,

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

☛ Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid. ☚

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NOTION & VARIETY STORE,

SALEM, N. C.

REMOVED TO THE SELO BUILDING.

LADIES:

Anticipating a fine trade this season, we have bought largely, and now have the pleasure of inviting your attention to

AN ATTRACTIVE SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK

at prices surprisingly cheap.

A beautiful line of Galloon and Hercules Braids, Ball and other Worsted Fringes much in demand for Cloak and Dress Trimmings.

Newest styles in Buttons, Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, Neckwear, &c.

A full line of Zephyrs, Germantown and Shetland Wools always on hand.

Have just added to our Stock a nice line of Perfumeries, Hair Oils, &c.

We call particular attention to our beautiful line of Glass and Lava Ware suitable for Christmas and Birthday presents *just received*, consisting of Toilet Setts, Vases, Card Stands.

☛ Those at a distance will be amply repaid by a to our Store. ☚

In the selection of Goods the interest of the customer is kept constantly in view, knowing that taking care of those who buy of us is equivalent to taking care of ourselves. It is, winning our customers' confidence and their continued patronage.

Respectfully,

April 1880 J. BLICKENDERFER

"DE PROFUNDIS."

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep!
Where all that was to be in all that was
Whirled for a million aeons thro' the vast,
Waste driven of multitudinous eddying light—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Thro' all the dim creations of the law,
And every phase of ever heightening life,
And nine long months of ante-natal gloom,
With this last moon, this crescent—her dark orb
Touch'd with earth's light—thou comest, darling boy;
Our own; a babe in lineament and limb
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man;
Whose face and form are hers and mine in one,
Indissolubly married, like our love,
Live and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race thy kin, so well that men
May meet thee, saying, we see thee, O young life,
Breaking with laughter from the dark; and may
The fated channel where thy motion lives
Be prosperously shaped and sway thy course
Along the years of haste and random youth
Unshattered—then full current thro' full man;
And last in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly dying power,
To that last deep where we and thou are still.

—*Nineteenth Century.*

CUPID'S BEST SHAFT.

Said Cupid to me, come hither and see
Ti at lady in ringlets so bright, boy.
Said I, with a nod to the knowing young god,
She puts them in paper at night, boy.
But, said Cupid to me, did ever you see
On any girl's cheek such a red bloom?
Said I, half a score, but don't mention it more,
She's a small pot of rougein her bedroom.
But, said he, if you've taste, there's a beautiful waist.
The doves of my mother all haunt it;
He does a good trade, her corset that made,
I can give you his card if you want it.

Ah! said Cupid, I see you're too clever for me,
And are heart-whole, where others have bled so;
And he fingered a dart by the feathery part,
And winked his blue eyes as he said so.
Then he bade me good-bye, but said gaze in her eye,
What love-light of beauty there's in it.
I could scarce turn to look, when an arrow he took,
And pierced through my heart in a minute;
And he cried to the fair, as he flew through the air,
Nor in stays, paint or powder love's dart is,
A glance or a smile has more power to beguile,
For nature more potent than art is.

—*The Specter Knight.*

DEVILS IN THE CHURCH.

A True Story of Burnt Cork Humor on the Road.

"Never heard of such a thing before," said Charley Bennett, after prying open a window and plunging head first into a little wayside church to escape the driving and chilling storm.

"Heard of what?" questioned Johnny Lyon, carefully unwrapping his coat from around his banjo and restoring it to his shivering person.

"A church theatrical, and that's what this is bound to be to-night," and Charley also removed the wrappings from his violin, the rest of the boys following his example, and producing bones and tambourine they had guarded from the snow and sleet.

"Not much," put in Dick Lamb, with a nonchalant whistle. "It's something entirely new on the programme, and ought to take."

"If somebody don't take us for burglarizing a church, I'll be satisfied." laughed Larry Conners, the fourth of the quartette that had "busted" upon the road, slid out of the hotel window after dark with their instruments (all the valuables they had), leaving the landlord minus for three days' board, and were "h'oofing" it back to Chicago.

"No danger of that," answered Charley, "but it's an entirely new wrinkle in the minstrel biz is a church theatrical, and ought to draw a crowded house."

"Yes," said Johnny Lyon reflectively, "I've heard of an orthodox dissenting, and even a militant, but never of anything like this before."

"Except," interlarded Dick, "the one that was a church up stairs, and a saloon below, and on the pillars of which Edgar A. Poe is said to have written:

"THERE'S a spirit above and a spirit below,
A spirit of joy and a spirit of woe;
The spirit above is the spirit divine,
And the spirit below is the spirit of wine."

"Wish I was there now," groaned Larry.

"Where? In the church?"

"No, you fool, in the gin mill. I never was so dry in my life."

"Wet, you mean."

"Yes, outside, but dry as a powder house within."

"No matter, we are in snug quarters for the night, and can take things comfortable."

"If some constable don't make it lively for us."

"I'm not going to freeze, anyhow."

Searching around, Charley found a stove, a pile of wood, and by the aid of matches and unused programmes of the "Great and unrivaled Congo Minstrels, and unapproachable delineators of 'African character,'" etc., etc., he soon had a cheerful fire, and the boys were gathered round the roaring stove, and indulged in merry jests at their own expense.

They were what is (was) called a "snap company," though the term was uncoined then, for it was in the early days of burnt cork artists in the Western country. The original Christy's Minstrels, with "Ned" at the head, and "George" at the end, had made their first visit to Chicago, and the boys were wild with delight. Everybody who could thump a string, draw a bow, manipulate bones, beat "Deacon" skin, and sing at a tune, fancied they saw an unworked bonanza of untold wealth and waded in. The "Congo's" were among the earliest to take the field—and leave it. With dilapidated instruments, old songs, gags and con's a very short allowance of money and large stock of assurance, they started out to astonish the natives and rake in their pile. Of their original occupations one was a printer, one was a butcher's sub, one a general loafer, and the other a bar-keeper, and through the buzzing of the first named, they were indebted for their bills—and always would be.

With advance agent and treasurer they started out with flying colors, but soon came to grief. The agent (lived and drank) high, ran them in debt, and sloped; the treasurer paid no bills, gobbled up all the available, disappeared, and left them stranded in a strange town, fifty miles from home, with hungry creditors pouncing upon them at every turn.

A council of—well, not exactly war, but ways and means—was held. The boys, by dint of cheek, got an immense programme for a benefit the following evening, quieted the landlord with refulgent promises, filled themselves with grub (and corn juice), retired early, locked their doors, slid quietly out of the windows, and took the back track on a quiet "go-as-you-please." The weather, however, was against them, and a wild Western snow-storm raged upon the prairie. They were driven to the shelter of a little point of timber, found a lonely church, got inside quickly, and made themselves perfectly at home, and as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances.

But, pretty well used up, they soon grew tired of singing and poking fun at each other, and began looking around for some place to lay their weary bones. A few cushions were found and dragged to the pulpit platform; they doubed up both themselves and their overcoats and prepared for a snooze, with the understanding that any one who chanced to awaken should replenish the fire.

Slumber they did speedily, heavily, but not long. There came a thundering at the doors sufficient to have awakened the notorious Seven Sleepers, and the boys fairly shook in their boots, believing a band of revenging "Regulators" were after them, and they would soon swing by the neck from the steeple or a tree, whichever came the most handy. Fortunately they were at the extreme end of the church, screened by the pulpit, the doors strong, and they had a little time for reflection.

"Let's slide out of the window and cut for it," whispered Dick, with chattering teeth.

"Better hide," suggested Johnny.

"Or get ready for a fight," put in Larry, whose Milesian blood always "boomed" at the prospect of a scrimmage.

"Hold on!" commanded Charley, who was the coolest of the lot. "Wait and see what turns up."

Almost with the words the fastenings of the door gave way and in rushed a party of young girls and boys, shivering with cold, who crowded around the stove.

"Who could have expected to find a fire here?" said one, stamping his feet and blowing his fingers.

"Lucky there was," responded another, "for since that miserable old sleigh broke down I have nearly perished."

Charley Bennett drank in every word and whispered to the now reassured boys. But unsuspecting the presence of others, the sleigh-riding party made merry over their mishap, now that they were safe, crowded the great stove with wood, and some of the most daring even hinted that the fire had been started by ghosts who had found it uncomfortable roaming around in such weather.

"Don't talk that way," said one of the bevy of beauties, as she clung to her companion and looked around in terror.

"Oh, don't please," chimed in another. "It is bad enough to break into a church, and I am certain something terrible will happen. I am all in a tremble."

"So am I, to kiss and console the darling," whispered Larry.

"Right or I'll choke you!" commanded Charley. "Remember what I told you."

But, though he succeeded in keeping order in his part of the house, it was not so easy in the other. The mere mention of ghosts had caused the blood to forsake the cheeks of the girls, and they declared they would sooner walk all the way home and be frozen to death, than remain any longer.

"Think of the pretty little dears wading through the snow," whispered Larry.

"Be quiet, will you?" and a strong hand was instantly laid on his throat and a brawny fist shaken in dangerous proximity to his nose, and he "collapsed" into silence, as he afterward said.

And by degrees the other company also were quieted. Going home afoot over the prairie in such a howling storm was an impossibility; there could be no stirring until the sleigh that had been sent for came, and so to pass the time they began singing. But suddenly they paused, looked at each other with eyes starting out from pale faces and questions with trembling lips:

"What sound was that?"

"The wind," suggested one of the number in the lowest of whispers.

"It sounded like stringed instruments."

"Guess they think it is angels playing on the golden harps" interposed Larry, to immediately have his wind shut off by Charley.

"I knew it was," exclaimed one of the girls. "I heard it as plainly as could be. Hark!"

A sound as of a far-away song, undertoned by the melody of harps touched by the softest of fingers, came to their ears and held them spell-bound. Now the words seemed to float in the air above—now to come from beneath their feet—then to swell into chorus, and then to die away as the whispering of ghosts.

It was too much for the visitors to endure—was painfully suggestive, and with one accord they would have rushed from the church had not the sleigh at the moment arrived at the door. The faltering accents the girls told the driver what had happened. He laughed at them and questioned from what direction the sounds mostly came. They pointed to the pulpit, and armed with a huge whip he started thither.

"I'll show you what fools you are to be afraid," he began vauntingly, to end the sentence with "Devils!" and beat a rapid retreat.

And devils they appeared; four of them, black as the ace of spades, with immense mouths, and great white rings around their eyes, woolley heads, claws and armed with instruments that made the most diabolical nois!

There was no standing upon ceremony at their going. Every one of the company rushed for the sleigh, tumbled in promiscuously, and with horses lashed to their utmost speed, were driven away. And the last they saw of the imps of darkness they were dancing regular break downs upon the steps of the church with forked and lurid flames playing fitfully around them!

That was the story they heard; but the boys had a merry time over it as they removed wigs, washed off the cork, and settled down again; the last audible remark being that of Larry:

"By my soul, that was a brilliant idea of mine to open the door of the stove and let the flames flash out."

The first of dawn found the boys on their journey, and though subsequently they had many adventures, they never again enacted the part of satan in a church.

Fiendish Work.

From the Omaha *Republican* we glean the particulars of a desperate attempt to destroy the *Bee* office and kill the employes by blowing the concern up. At a late hour on Tuesday night some unhung desperado entered the basement of the *Bee* office and started a fire in the engine, filled the furnace with fuel and got a hot fire going, and then taking a long-handled shovel he fastened it to the machinery with a lever purchase so as to prevent the escape of steam, which usually blows off at a pressure of sixty pounds.

On Wednesday morning one of the press-room employes upon entering the basement found the engine working at a tremendous rate of speed fairly jumping off the floor at times, and wrenching itself this way and that, and the steam-gauge indicating 160 pounds. Of course the engine was stopped and the shovel removed so as to let the steam escape. In a few minutes more the engine might have exploded and blown the building to pieces, and killed or injured the inmates. No suspicion is attached to any one, but it is thought that perhaps it was the work of some incendiaries who have lately been operating in that city.

Jakie Reads the Recipe.

Old lady Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's recipe for making watermelon pickle the other day, and, being hard of hearing, and as she couldn't see to read well, she got her grandson, Jakie, to read it for her. Jakie took the paper like a dutiful child, and, holding it upside down, commenced:

"Take a green watermelon—"

"Why, Jakie, what you mistaken? I thought the melon must be ripe."

"Oh, what's the matter wid you? Jew ever see a watermelon that wusn't green?"

"Cut the watermelon into four halves—"

"But there ain't only two halves to anything. I don't believe you are reading that right, Jakie."

"Well, I don't half to. But anyhow that's what the resset says. Then soak it in a pint cup—"

"Oh, dear me! how in the world can you put a watermelon in a pint cup?"

"Well, I ain't here to tell the wherefores and howfores. I'm just readin' the facts, and you kan put in the filosofee to suit your taste. After soakin' the melon, put it in a skillet and fry it fur four days."

"I wonder if Mrs. Brown sent me such a reseet as that," said the old lady; but Jakie kept on:

"Then put the watermelon in a quart bowl and pour over it a gallon of vinegar, taking care not to spill the vinegar—"

"I'd just like to know how you can pour a gallon into a quart bowl without spilling any of it;" but Jakie continued:

"Then sift a peck of red pepper through a milk strainer over the melon, and to one cup of butter and the whites and yolks and the shells of three eggs, and throw in the old hen that laid them, and four sticks of cinnamon drops and a bottle of Dr. Mary Walker's bloomers, and two tablespoonfuls of quinine, and run it through a coffee mill and let it stand until it ferments, and then put it in a tin can and tie the can to a dog's tail—this will stir it up to the right consistency—and then you can turn it off into crocks and have it ready for use. Serve it up cold and spread it on mince pie, and it makes a capital dessert," and Jakie slid out of the door and left the old lady looking like a wrinkle on a monument.

"I golly!" said Jakie, "bet yer sweet life she won't ask me to read any more resects!"

A Mountain in Mexico Sinks Out of Sight.

We translate the following from *La Union Democrata* of San Luis Potosi: Adjacent to the hacienda of Santa Catariva, about 20 leagues to the east of this city, a very remarkable freak of nature has occurred, the facts concerning which we have received from a gentleman who visited the scene. On the 7th inst, the people of the hacienda and vicinity were aroused by a startling noise resembling thunder. Upon assembling to see what was the matter it was soon discovered that a small mountain in the immediate vicinity had sunk into the earth, and it must have gone out of sight like a flash. Our informant, with others, made observations and learned that the aperture thus opened was 200 meters length, 150 in width, and its depth from 130 to 150 meters. It was with great difficulty that the sides of the excavation approached as all around were great yawning fissures which threatened to open still wider. To miss a step there was a danger of finding a grave in the depths beneath. Some stones, weighing about two pounds each, were thrown into the cavern, and it took from nine to ten seconds before they struck the bottom, thus coming in contact with the surface beneath making a great report. After these brief observations the exploring parties retired hurriedly from the scene, as the earth was trembling and shaking as if upon a balance. The location of this strange phenomenon is situated in the *tierra caliente* (warm region), the mesquites and palm trees florish all about. Whenever any portion of the earth along the rim of the cavern fell into the depths, immense clouds of white dust issued forth. The dust was carried about by the winds, and made all the trees in the vicinity perfectly white. Speculation is rife as to whether the mountain sunk owing to earthquake influences or was the result of gas explosions. It could not be attributed to these, as former very well, as no shocks were felt in the neighborhood.

A Quick Retort.

Foote, the famous comedian, was more noted for his wit than his courage. He once gave offense to a famous duelist of the day, who had vowed vengeance, and was only waiting to meet the luckless actor. Foote was told of it, and kept out of his way for a long time. At last they met at an inn where the actor generally dined, and where the duelist happened quite casually to come in. Foote saw his danger when it was too late; but, as his enemy said nothing, did his best to entertain him and keep him in good humor. No one could be more diverting when he chose, and here he was not only very anxious but very successful. He told one story after another. He kept the table in a roar, and the fire-eater forgot his rancor. At last Foote took to imitating different people, a practice for which he had extraordinary facility. The other guests got quite uproarious with the fun, when suddenly the luckless actor saw from the face of his enemy that he had inadvertently imitated one of his friends. The duelist was, in fact, putting his hand in his pocket to pull out a card and present it as the preliminary to a challenge, when he turned round to the mimic and said in a dry, satiric voice, "Really, Mr. Foote, you are so uncommonly clever in taking other people off, I wonder whether you could take yourself off." "Oh certainly," said Mr. Foote, and he walked straightway into the street. Here his readiness probably saved him his life.

A Petrified Body Found.

Not long ago it was deemed desirable to remove the remains of Police Officer William Blanford, who died June 11, 1874, of paralysis, and his wife, Rebecca Blanford, who died February 10, 1875, of lung disease, from the Philanthropin, to the Mount Moriah Cemetery. During the progress of the disinterment it was found that the remains of the man had undergone petrification, and had been entirely preserved, while his wife's were in a state of decay. The corpse of the former weighed nearly five hundred pounds. Its condition is attributed to the dampness of the earth in which it was buried, similar discoveries having been made there in the last few years.—*Philadelphia News.*

A LIGHTNING stroke went clear through a Clark County, Ky., school house, killing a greyhound asleep under the floor, but left the twenty-five children unharmed.

SALT provisions of whatever kind are said to lose more of their saltiness by being soaked in sea water than in fresh.

The Jews of Russia.

The Odessa correspondent of the London *Times* writes as follows: "Statements of various kinds now appear in the Russian and foreign newspapers as to the part taken by the Hebrew subjects of the Czar in the plottings of the extreme section of the Nihilists. As in most instances only theories have been propounded hitherto, a few facts are here offered. In the north of Russia, where Jews, as a rule, are not permitted to reside, few in that part have been compromised, but here in the south, which is overrun by them, they have furnished rather a large percentage of those, at any rate, who have been brought to trial. For example, out of twenty-eight Nihilists tried together at Odessa, last summer, eight were Jews, and out of five of the whole number who were hanged, one was a Jew. Out of six Nihilist tried also at Odessa last December, two were Jews, and of the three that were executed on that occasion, one was a Jew. Besides that, the chief of the band, Laiba Deutsch, was also a Jew. He escaped at the time, but afterward blew his brains out at St. Petersburg upon the occasion of the police discovering the secret printing office directed by him, in which was printed the *Will of the People* newspaper. Of the seventeen Nihilists condemned here a fortnight ago, six were Jews, and in this instance, again, the principal leader, Isaiah Fuchs, was also a Jew, and he, too, managed to escape. Altogether, eighteen Nihilists have been executed at Kief, and of these two were Jews, and of the three hanged at St. Petersburg, one was a Jew. Report makes out Hartman to be of Jewish origin, and some people believe the same of the Dr. Welmar, whose trial is expected to take place at St. Petersburg shortly. It is only fair, however, to remark that all these Jewish would-be anarchists, except the doctor, were people of humble origin, without means and of no position in life to speak of; consequently, they had nothing to lose, and might have gained something in the event of a revolution. You lately presented your readers with some statistics from the *Bereg* in reference to the number and status of Nihilists. The *Novoya Vremya* has supplemented them with the following statement: Twenty-six per cent. of the Nihilists have the rank of gentlemen, 19 per cent. are sons of priests, 13 per cent. are peasants (among these are included those members of the *noblesse* whose nihilistic principles have led them to enroll themselves as peasants), 9 per cent. are petty shopkeepers, 7 per cent. are Jews (2), 3 per cent. are of the merchant class, and 1 per cent soldiers; 22 per cent. are unaccounted for, but then, no mention is made of workingmen, and, besides, these numbers are believed to be only approximative."

Come to Stay.

Five thousand immigrants arrived at Castle Garden last Wednesday, and the report is that there isn't sufficient yet room to accommodate all who want to embark. At this rate Europe will soon be a howling wilderness, and the United States a regular bee hive. It appears that the immigrants largely consist of young farmers and mechanics, who come away to escape the draft, and if that is the case European monarchs will soon be left without any visible means of support and crowned heads will be worth about a shilling a dozen, the same as new onions. It won't be fifty years, if America holds her grip, before the United States will be able to whip the allied powers of the old world, and then Mr. Dalrymple's dream of a universal republic may be realized. Whenever an emigrant comes over to America and finds that he can get a farm or a business of his own, in a few years, by patient toil, he writes back to friends in the old country, and they get the fidgets and pack up their duds and start. Thousands of letters go over by every mail, and thousands of people are getting the fidgets all the time. As the poet has said, "They've heard whispers of a country, of a land beyond the sea, where the rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day!"—and they resolve to have a breath of fresh air if it poisons them. This thing called liberty draws like a mustard plaster, and it will only be a few short fleeting years before an American will have hard work to make himself understood, except in the Third Ward. But let 'em come; only see to it that a sound man is at the helm of the ship of state, whose heart beats warm for his native land, and if any piratical imperialist tries to get up a mutiny with any funny business about a crown, hit him on the head with a handspike, sew him up in a piece of canvas with a ball and chain around his feet, and don't begrudge a poor little shark a good thing once in a while, even if he does show his teeth when he smiles. Nobody can help how he looks, and many an honest heart has best beneath a ragged coat. Let the oppressed of every nation come, and we will set up a lunch. Come away from those countries where you daren't say that the Czar oughn't let you eat the raisins you want, or that Bismarck's dog has got a pimple on his nose, or that Queen Victoria gets more salary than an Irish tenant, without you will be thrown into prison or kicked into the street. Come over here, where you can worship God according to the dictates of Bob Ingersoll, and where, if you are drafted into the army, you can take the army by the nape of the neck and mop the floor with it. Oh, a free country is decidedly the best.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*

Mr. Beecher on Colonel Ingersoll.

"Robert Ingersoll," said Mr. Beecher, at a Plymouth prayer meeting recently, "is not a saint; but there is not a man on the continent to whom he would not give his hand. There is not a man on the continent, I suppose, to whom he would not give his hand after putting it in his pocket and filling it with silver. I am not personally acquainted with him, but I suppose this to be his disposition. And yet he kicks over the New Testament and the whole Bible; he sneers at the ministers and unjustly criticises them. But his whole nature couples him with his fellow beings, and this marks him as a Christian in that respect—and that's a main respect. He is charged with infidelity. I say that a man who holds to the New Testament, and yet passes by on the other side when men need help and sympathy, is an infidel. He is orthodox for the outside of the Bible, but infidel for the inside. Those who despise their fellow men, and keep aloof from them, are absolutely infidel; and men who do this under a Government like our own is piecously infidel."

A MISSOURI horse thief escaped from a lynching by knocking down two prominent politicians. Served them right, says the Buffalo *Courier*, these prominent politicians are trying to run everything from the United States Senate to a dog fight.

MR. SIPP is a member of the New York Legislature. How did he wander so far from Mrs. Sipp, eh?

A Terrible Warning.

Girls who thump pianos all out of time, and are still fresh and vigorous for the fray, fail not to read this with both eyes and draw your own moral to suit the occasion: A beautiful and accomplished young lady of Oshkosh once heard the ivories of a piano so clawed by a musical artist as to make it pleasant for her to hear. She would and did engage her pearly and dimpled hands on the chromatic scales of a musical instrument. Last week she continued her musical contortions, and when on the very point of achieving success in the total destruction of "silver Threads Among the Black Hills," she fell in a helpless condition to the floor, paralyzed. Ye of evil dispositions, turn from such error and be spared a similar retribution.

A GIRL at Bison, Dakota, was very disconsolate over the loss of a lover, but was uncertain whether she really wished to commit suicide. In order to test the question she let herself down into a stream with a rope, so that she could either let go and drown, or hold fast and save herself. She found that immersion in the water did not make her desire to live, and she discarded the rope. But her suicide was prevented, after all, by boatmens.

TRAIN agents on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad are requested by a new set of regulations to keep clean, talk decently, talk in a low tone, not work their ears more than once in thirty miles, and never throw books in a passenger's lap.

EMERSON says everything good in man leans on something higher. We differ with Emerson. The good man leans upon a staff which is lower than he; it is the bad men who take to the higher lamp post for support.

The man who solds his crying baby and is too mean to invest 25 cents in a bot le of D. Bull's Baby Syrup, should be divorced.

A GENTLEMAN named his dog Penny, because it was one sent to him.

IF a man is in the habit of giving his word to people, how can he expect to keep it?

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A book on the Liver, its diseases and their treatment sent free. Including treatises upon Liver Complaints, Torpid Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, etc. Address H. R. Stevens, 162 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

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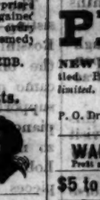

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